The
COMMONWEAL
A Weekly Review of Literature the Arts and Public Affairs
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The World Greets the New Pope

THE JOY that wells up in the hearts of Catholics throughout the world on the elevation of a new successor to Saint Peter is heightened by the election of a man of the personal attainments of Cardinal Pacelli. The comments of the secular press throughout the world bear witness to the native ability and unparalleled experience he brings to the papal throne, while his eminent spiritual qualities are widely recognized by commentators of every persuasion. Pope Pius XII's first brief message could hardly have been more indicative of his grasp of the world's needs today. It was primarily a plea for peace—that peace so dear to the hearts of men, the peace of conscience, of the home, of civil society, of international society. It was explicitly a plea for peace with justice. The Holy Father extended his affectionate salutations, as might have been expected, to those, first of all, whose lives are devoted to the care and spread of Christ's kingdom, the hierarchy, the clergy, the religious and the laymen of Catholic Action; he also singled out the faithful "who suffer poverty and pain." He told the world outside the visible Church of his intense concern for their well-being, his "prayers and wishes for every good" for them. Pius XII is the first Pope to have visited the United States, and many of us recall with gladness the experience of meeting him personally two years ago. The Pope's abiding concern is for his sons of every race and clime but in the past few days he has already manifested a great affection for the United States in the special blessings he has extended to various American dioceses and the audiences granted the American Cardinals.

Pius XII Reigns

Union Jurisdiction and Personnel

MR. JOHN L. LEWIS'S proposal at the first meeting of the AFL and CIO under presidential auspices brought matters up suddenly, but under the circumstances not dangerously, short. The idea of forming a new American Congress of Labor at a convention presided over by President Roosevelt, where the AFL and CIO would have equal representation, and the balance of power be given to the "Big Four" railway brotherhoods was definitely shocking. The AFL is convinced that the plan "was not even designed for serious consideration." It was labeled as "fanciful." Now we don't know whether it was seriously proposed or not. All kinds of bargaining in this country have developed in such a way that no one can tell how seriously to take first suggestions. Before getting toward an agreement, bargainers are always jockeying for position. Sincerity in particular demands and offers is not expected. It is an old oriental custom very disconcerting to the stolid western temperament. Truth and fun blend into each other until they become confused, and a common citizen has a right to grow exasperated. The public has a right to be exasperated with its big-time labor leaders.

Something "Fanciful" Needed

The fundamental problems of America's divided, and gradually more and more sub-divided, labor movement looks remarkably personal. None of the branches claims exclusive theories of unionization. Jurisdiction and personnel are the difficult problems in unions, but more than most social problems they lend themselves to direct solution by the practise of personal, individual virtues. Settlement of the CIO-AFL war doesn't require a prior settlement of the problems of finance capitalism, political democracy or even capital-labor. And a settlement of the union war would help solve those more complicated confusions. The public and the President ought to keep so much pressure on the labor leaders that they will agree

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to some program for the sake of their figurative skin even at the expense of their literal purse and position in the world. Any such program appears "fanciful" indeed, but no less necessary.

Government Weighs Food Scrip Plan

Better National Diet

THE LATEST plan to solve the dilemma of scarcity in the midst of plenty presented to the Washington conference of the nation's wholesale and retail grocers, March 13 and 14, has far-reaching possibilities for the national well-being without many of the disadvantages of the recently abandoned two-price scheme. The feature of the plan is that it would increase by 50 percent the food consumption of some 7,000,000 families now on relief. This increase would be in the form of special stamps which would procure at regular prices the commodities of which there was a surplus, such as the butter and citrus fruits which are glutting the market at the moment. It would stimulate the food business and business generally, and, even more important, the nation's farmers would be able to dispose of a far greater proportion of their hard-earned produce; they in turn would accelerate the wheels of industry by their own increased purchasing power. One difficulty is the outright subsidy to the food industry involved. If accepted the scheme will be tried out for a few months in half a dozen typical American cities; the hope is that the many working details will be settled and ready for nation-wide operation by next winter. Of all the schemes propounded by the Department of Agriculture to help the farmer while helping the unemployed, and to build up the nation generally, surely this would seem to be deserving of a thorough test.

No Stone Whereon to Lay Their Heads

German Catholic Refugees

THE COMMITTEE FOR CATHOLIC REFUGEES FROM GERMANY has become increasingly active in its efforts for the relief of Catholics who can no longer live in their native German land. Until recently the funds of the committee were supplied without any general appeal to the public by individual members of the American hierarchy, but now the burden has become too great to be carried by any such arrangement, and a general appeal has been made, setting aside March 19 as Refugee Sunday on which churches throughout the land are being asked to take up collections for this cause. It may not generally be realized how large a number of Catholics in Germany are being forced into exile. Two of the largest groups consist of the teaching orders, especially Sisters, who are no longer allowed to operate schools and who cannot, in many cases, even solicit contributions for their own daily needs, and of Catholic laymen who have some "taint" of Jewish blood or are married to Jews and hence are subject to the provisions of the racial code despite their religion. There are nearly 200,000 such persons throughout the Reich. In addition to these larger groups, there are many thousands whose political views are known to the German government not to be in sympathy with the present régime. Thus several hundred thousand actual and potential Catholic refugees and exiles exist, whom the charity of others must harbor. The Committee for Catholic Refugees from Germany is not only appealing for money on Refugee Sunday; it also is seeking farm properties for the use of German religious, and it is taking every means at its disposal to raise the funds it needs for its work. It latest project of this kind is an exhibition of works of art by Catholic artists, many of whom have given their painting or drawings to the committee to be sold, or auctioned, for the benefit of refugees. This exhibition is currently being held in New York at the Delphic Studios, 44 West 56th Street.

It is, of course, a matter of common knowledge that the liturgical movement had made great headway in Germany, and it is interesting that the committee's activities should have a distinctly liturgical character, as well as supplying an interesting American parallel to the Jocist type of Catholic Action. Every Sunday the committee has a dialogue Mass for the refugees in New York and their friends. Earlier in the winter it arranged a concert of ecclesiastical music to raise funds. And now it has united in one exhibition the work of Catholic artists, serving a most interesting American purpose as well as the purpose of charity. For it makes clear something never before realized—how many Catholic artists there are in this country. Thus in a similar way the very charitable necessities which it faces have forced the committee to work in vocational, "Jocist" channels. College faculties have been appealed to *en bloc* to find positions for exiled teachers and scholars; hospitals, to find internships and staff positions for exiled medical men. Gradually one sees emerging here the pattern of a type of Catholic Action.

The Weapon of Power over Life

A Non-Lenten Fast

THE POLITICAL life of India, in spite of its vast size and population, has been driven from our attention by more spectacular events in other lands. Yet so simple a thing as a sixty-nine-year-old man's eating a last meal and then refusing to take nourishment, over what looks to the outsider like a very local quarrel indeed, immediately puts India on the front pages of the world's newspapers, leads to questions in

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the House of Commons, and ends in a complete victory for the elderly hunger striker. Just as, last summer, the eleven hours spent on an exterior ledge of a New York hotel by demented John Warde, deciding whether or not he would jump to death, disrupted the life of a metropolis, so the hunger strike of a revered leader, Mohandas K. Ghandi, compels the attention of the world. Such is the universal appeal and influence on men's minds of something within the control of each of us, his power over his own life. That this should be so basically true is a clue to the nature of man, and a comfort when one is disheartened at the seeming victory of "oversoul" ideologies, be they based on race, class or nation. Of course there is grave question, in Christian morality, whether hunger-striking for any reason whatever is permissible, or whether it is not so close to suicide that it cannot be justified. In any case it is a kind of blackmail. But it is a means startlingly pacifistic compared to the violence of war. And from Ghandi's point of view, it is no sin. Said he, "No fast, however prolonged, can dissolve the body." The relation of this incident, to gain democratic rule for one of the smallest of "India's "native states," to the whole question of India's politics and welfare is too complex for us, who have no first-hand knowledge of the situation, to discuss. But the general moral—and phenomenon—remain.

Deterioration in Italy

THE STORY that Italy is going to the dogs is repeated so frequently in the anti-fascist press that it no longer gains much attention. Too many anti-fascists are also under suspicion of being pro-socialists; too many of their publicists have made very bad guesses during the past few years on the basis of what has proven to be wishful thinking. Too much anti-fascism has been totalitarian: that is, no breath of creative life or decency has been admitted to exist in Italian Fascism, and none of its claims have been admitted to have the shadow of a warrant. A false conception of what American democracy actually is has been put up in blanket opposition to a false conception of what Italian Fascism actually is. But Italian Fascism, whatever it has been all in all, is deteriorating. We learn this from leftist sources and also from sources which cannot possibly be called left. At the beginning of October, *America* published a witheringly disillusioned article by Benedict Mulligan, who "has large admiration for the good which Il Duce has accomplished," analyzing the new Italian racial laws and the unpleasant reasons probably behind them. The March 4 *America* contains another excellent article on Italy, this time anonymous. It is a more general survey of conditions in the peninsula, but more specifically points to the likelihood that the initiative in Italian affairs has slipped increasingly into the hands of Hitler. Its conclusion is one which seems to us inevitable: "The only possible Catholic attitude today, especially in America, is one of uncompromising impartiality. The Church is fighting two enemies, communism and racism, and racism is no less ugly when it dons fascist garb, nor is it any less dangerous." And it seems inescapable to us that true totalitarianism—when the same person or party really does dominate all phases of personal life—is substantially the equal of racism.

Who Is Leader?

Hollywood versus Hitler

HOLLYWOOD does not like Der Fuehrer, and has been at some pains to underline the fact. A committee studded with stars has sent a petition around the country asking that relations with Germany shall cease forthwith. With shrewder instinct (since the petition is not likely to accomplish much beyond relieving the signatories' feelings), Hollywood has also hit the German dictator where it hurts the most: in the bump of publicity. No film actor will impersonate him, even to show him as a villain double-dyed and triple-damned—a fact which, put about, is potentially more damaging than any impersonation could be. Moreover, when recently a Berlin film actress known to be his friend visited the movie capital, she saw the inside of not a single studio. In these circumstances, it is only fair—without at all quarreling with Hollywood's taste in the matter—to see an answering adroitness in Der Fuehrer's latest move. He has adopted a publicity device patented in Hollywood itself, and it seems to us is using it with telling effect. For if there is one thing more than all others that Hollywood stands for in its public relations, it is the technique of Proving It with a Bathing Beauty. The term is used generically to indicate a young and taking damsel, usually lightly clothed and doing something allegedly athletic or terpsichorean that calls attention to her well-made legs. A very large part of Hollywood advertising centers with more or less effective irrelevance upon this theme structure. Therefore, it is not without humor that the latest extra-political news of Der Fuehrer features the photographs of two pretty young entertainers abroad—Americans at that!—which despite surface variations are unmistakably in this tradition: one a tap artiste who looks like a charming composite of all the younger girls in Hollywood, the other an acrobatic dancer whose "remarkable flexes" are made the most of in the pictures. These young ladies have each given a couple of command performances for

Two Can Play

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Herr Hitler: airplanes have brought them, parties have entertained them, presents have charmed them and made them graciously vocal. Meanwhile, cameras and reporters have obliged, with results that entitle Herr Hitler to a grin both sardonic and satisfied. The picture might be called, "Back at you, Hollywood."

The Health Bill

FOR SOME months the country has awaited with much more than academic interest the health-plan bill sponsored by the administration which it was known Senator Wagner intended presenting at this session of Congress. It would not be a true summary of the general will on the matter, we think, to say that the country wants nothing at all to do with a federal health bill. But there has been a good deal of apprehension and debate centering about the cost of the projected program, as well as the possible unwelcome features it might embody, such as compulsory health insurance and government interference in medical practice. This discussion dates back to last summer, when the President's Interdepartmental Committee to Coordinate Health and Welfare Activities presented to the public the result of a lengthy study of conditions in the field of national health, in a series of recommendations whose sweep and general ambitiousness startled great numbers of taxpayers and provoked a good deal of dissent from organized medicine. We have summarized the points made in this controversy from time to time; at the moment we merely wish to say that it has undoubtedly performed a very useful service.

Senator Wagner Presents

For in offering his bill, Senator Wagner has been most careful to stress that the federal government neither exacts, nor asks the various states to exact, any measure of compulsory health insurance; and this reassurance is also echoed by the chairman of the Technical Committee—the body which actually whipped the federal health plan recommendation into shape. The bill, which is offered as an amendment to the Social Security Act, embodies most of the features which discussion has made familiar, and with which in principle most of us agree. It specifies the fields of state medical activity—general public health services, maternal and child services, construction of hospitals and health centers, investigations, health insurance of various sorts—for which the federal government will set standards as a condition of rendering financial aid, and indicates what the scale of such aid will be. From one-third to two-thirds of the cost of public health services and hospital construction, from one-sixth to one-half of the cost of general medical care, and one-third of the cost of approved insurance disability, are to be covered by grants-in-aid to those states satisfying the established standards. These grants, and the general supervision exercised, are to be the government's sole contribution. "Under no circumstances," Senator Wagner assures us, "will it undertake to furnish medical care." The problem of cost remains. But at least the bill offers a rational basis for discussion and compromise.

Pius XII and World Politics

THE ST. LOUIS *Post-Dispatch* editorially gave utterance to a thought which was undoubtedly in the minds of many Americans when it said: "It is difficult not to see, both in the choice of Pacelli and the extraordinary circumstances of his election, a terrific rebuke to the totalitarian nations." Indeed a primary emphasis in the secular press has been placed upon the new Pope's attitude toward fascism—Italy and Germany. Thus the New York *Times* makes much of the fact that the first cardinals with whom Pius XII "had a conference" (the *Times's* correspondent, Cianfarra, deliberately uses this phrase rather than the more conventional "gave an audience") were the four German members of the Sacred College, and the same dispatch makes much of the "secrecy" with which this "conference" was surrounded. From all this one can only conclude that the secular press, and many individual Catholics, seem inclined always to view the Vatican's "foreign policy" as being on the same level as that of any nation, able to act in the same way and prompted to act for the same reasons. To such a view important exceptions must be taken, and it seems worth stating these again, however trite they may seem, in the interests of a better conception of the Holy See's attitude toward world affairs.

There is a temptation constantly to forget that the Pope has one primary function and duty, namely, the spiritual guidance of the faithful throughout the world. One of his titles is "the Servant of the Servants of God," and as a spiritual leader he cannot possibly run the risk of giving scandal to any of the faithful unless conditions are such that he cannot act without running that risk. A good example of how little Americans appreciate this point is given by those who have said that the Holy See favored fascism because it did not at once condemn National Socialism when it appeared in Germany. It cannot be sufficiently stressed that the Holy See cannot and will not condemn a political party or a political point of view until it is shown up to the hilt that that party and that point of view are inimical to the religious life of the members of the Church and that this enmity is so deep-seated that there is no hope of reconciliation. Supposing that when Chancellor Hitler came to power in Germany in 1933 the Holy See had at once condemned National Social-

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ism, severed its diplomatic relations with the German states, and had committed itself to the policy of refusing to deal with the legal head of the German nation. It is quite true that in the literature of National Socialism prior to 1933 expression was given to many unchristian notions and there was much open hostility to the Catholic Church. But it is also true that many Catholics were National Socialists and that all German Catholics were loyal citizens of Germany. For the Holy See to have taken instant intransigeant action would have been to run the risk of giving great scandal to German Catholics, and of wounding their national faith and pride and loyalty. No such step was taken. On the contrary, a treaty was negotiated between the Papacy and the German State, and every attempt was made to establish friendly and proper relations. As time went on, it became clear that such relations could not be maintained, and in due course the late Holy Father took action. To assume that his own political sympathies were with National Socialism simply because he did not act at once is to misunderstand completely the function which the Pope primarily has to fulfil—a spiritual and religious function—safeguarding the welfare of souls.

Since the present, newly elected Pope, as Cardinal Pacelli, played a central part in these and many other, similar negotiations, one can expect him to continue the same policy. When events make it necessary for him to take a strong line with regard to any civil government, he can be expected to do so. But he certainly will not do so because of any personal political preferences nor will he do so until time and events have shown that reconciliation is impossible.

Another essential to be borne in mind by anyone who wishes to speculate upon the effect of Pius XII's election on the external policy of the Holy See is that Catholic philosophy and theology have always insisted that any form of government can be legal and must be dealt with as legal so long as it is not explicitly atheistic. The Church does not concede that it is any part of its business to require the faithful to subscribe to a specific political form of government, although individual Catholic scholars and writers may express their own preference, on Catholic grounds, for one form of government or another. As an individual the Pope may have his own preference—he may like democracy or monarchy or dictatorship best. But since his office carries with it such tremendous authority that he cannot discuss publicly matters of private opinion, no Pope need ever be expected to endorse or condemn any specific form of government, unless that government is itself specifically opposed to religion. Therefore, to assume that in a line-up of powers based upon their varying attitudes toward government, the Holy See would favor one group of powers at the expense of another, is to assume something which could scarcely take place.

It is not generally appreciated what great efforts were made by Benedict XV to stop the great war, and how close these efforts came to success. And yet anyone who remembers the war will remember how many people on both sides in the conflict hoped that the Holy Father would take sides, and many would very likely have been disturbed if they had known that he was doing his best to achieve a negotiated peace.

In considering the rôle which Pius XII will play in world politics, then, we must always remember the fact that his first duty is religious and that he cannot lightly run the risk of politically disturbing any group of Catholics. We must secondly remember that he cannot commit himself to any particular system or theory of government as being better or more moral than some other system of government. We can expect that whenever the official policy of any country runs counter to Catholic doctrines, he will protest, and that whenever the internal policy of any country threatens the freedom of action of Christians as Christians, he will also protest. We can expect that whenever a government deliberately attempts to eliminate Christianity, he will emphatically protest and condemn such an attempt, and, further, that he will use every means in his power to prevent any of these things happening.

As the very essence of Christianity is to insist upon the liberty of human persons to work out their own destinies in accordance with the dictates of their conscience, we can expect that any government which tries to deny this liberty to any group or class of human beings will meet opposition from the Holy See. Often this opposition will not be known to the general public until events make this knowledge inevitable; but we can all expect the opposition to be there, whether it takes a public form or whether it takes only the form of diplomatic representations which never come to the public's attention. We may expect the Pope to exhort citizens to work for the common good, to labor in the interests of the workingman, to strive after justice in all human affairs.

And we may expect one further thing. Modern warfare is so terribly destructive that any religious leader is forced to be, to some extent, a pacifist. More than ever before in history, therefore, we can expect the Holy See to use every means it has to work for international peace. No one knows better than the Pope how little there is to be gained from war, and certainly his record as Cardinal Secretary of State and his eloquent plea for peace made immediately after his election, coupled with every rational and logical consideration, guarantee that his influence will be exerted against the savagery and barbarity which war inevitably unleashes.

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Death of a Socialist

By ALBERT LYND

THE RUE ROYALE in Brussels is flanked on one side by the beautiful Parc Royal, and on the other side by a row of buildings housing the offices of some of the richest corporations in Europe: distant mining concessions, colonial railways, great insurance companies and famous banks. On a dark and rainy afternoon in Christmas week, executives and clerks looked out of these windows upon a procession strange to that thoroughly capitalistic street.

Thousands of men and women moved along in a forest of crêpe-tipped banners. They represented nearly every local of the secular trade unions of Belgium. There were wrinkled fishermen from Ostend, Walloon coal-miners from the "black country" around Mons (looking small and fragile after the huskies of our American coal country), the railwaymen and tramwaymen in their uniforms, the carpenters and ironworkers and brickmasons from everywhere in the kingdom. A few wore their distinctive working garb; the rest were quite as easily identifiable as manual workers by their dark "Sunday suits," stiff and indifferently fitting.

A band sounded one of those funeral marches whose mournful sentimentality is not religious. Another forest of banners followed the band, and then came the hearse, followed by bearers of Marxist symbols. In the sidewalk crowd, a few shawled old women incongruously made the sign of the cross. A few fists went up in the leftist salute. But the feelings of the crowd were expressed, not in symbols or in partizan salutes, but in a silent, palpable sadness. The spontaneity and the sincerity of the demonstration were unmistakable; one could not help comparing it with the staged mass fakeries now in vogue in the more regimented countries of Europe. A Belgian friend said that it was the most remarkable funeral that he had seen since those of Cardinal Mercier and King Albert.

For the Catholic observer, two considerations provoked a more disturbing sadness. The Belgian working people were paying their last respects to a man whom they obviously regarded, rightly or wrongly, as the best friend that they had ever had. And the dead man was a lifelong enemy of the Catholic Church, whose representatives he had fought as "clericals" for a half-century.

Emile Vandervelde was born in Ixelles, Belgium, seventy-two years ago. He took a brilliant doctorate in law at the University of Brussels, and followed it with another in political economy. He was one of the early intellectual converts to Marxism, in the days when the propagation of that doctrine was a dangerous business. In his thirties he was elected by a working-class constituency to the Belgian Parliament, in whose lower house he sat until his death, more than forty years later. After the war, when European Socialists were moving from long opposition to political power, he reached the king's Cabinet. He held various portfolios, notably that of Minister of Foreign Affairs, in which capacity he signed the Locarno Pact for Belgium.

In his own country he was known affectionately as *le patron,* the president of the *Parti ouvrier belge.* Beyond Belgium he was well known as the president of the Second International. He was a leader of European Socialism from the first days of the great parliamentary and propagandist struggles of that party, long before the newer and noisier Communists were heard of. He never went over to the Muscovized Communists, but remained to his death in the more moderate party, which he regarded as the truer Marxist repository. He was the author of several books and countless articles of Marxist exegesis.

The key to the sincerity of his working-class mourners lay in the association of his name, more than any other, with nearly every advance in social legislation in Belgium during his political lifetime, including the campaign for universal suffrage.

The Belgian social laws are among the best in Europe. Belgium is not a rich country; it is an intensive manufactory, and there is much unemployment and poverty in these days of uncertain markets. But the country makes a studied and systematic effort to cope with these problems, through a complex set of statutes covering unemployment insurance, old age pensions, family increase allowances, maternal and infant care, wages-and-hours legislation, factory regulation and child labor laws—the whole gamut that we now call "social security" and much besides. The system is far from perfect, and still quite far from satisfying Belgian progressives. But an American observer cannot escape the notion that, if the amount of effort and good-will put into the problem in this little country were duplicated in our relatively opulent republic, the results might be astounding.

Emile Vandervelde is mourned as the prime mover in that program, and in such related activities as workers' cooperatives, popular educational and artistic opportunities (and a quasi-prohibition of hard liquor which works infinitely better than either of the extremes tried in the United States).

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The most conservatively capitalistic newspapers were in grudging editorial agreement with his partizan mourners upon his accomplishments, his courage and his lifelong devotion to his principles.

The most impressive testimony came from his political and religious opponents. The Catholic newspaper, *La libre Belgique,* wrote editorially:

> During half a century, Emile Vandervelde filled in our public life a rôle of first rank. In the measure that this rôle has contributed to assure the people more justice, more solidarity, and more comfort, the memory of *le patron* is entitled to the salutation of all well-disposed hearts. And irreducible as the divergencies between the Catholic ideal and the Marxist ideal are and remain, they ought, up to the point of separation and always in underlining grave partizan errors, to be forgotten for a moment, for a deferential homage to the intellectual valor, the integrity of character, and the warmth of heart of the man who has just passed.

The Catholic bloc in Parliament telegraphed:

> . . . He put his exceptional talents at the service of the working class.

The Reverend Father Rutten, senator of the Christian Democratic party, said:

> I also bow before the spectacle of that long life, admirably straight-lined.

Finally, the head of the Liberal party, ancient enemy of the Socialists, said:

> He has been the most powerful expression of the great social movement which, beginning at the end of the last century, has made Belgium a democracy.

VANDERVELDE was intellectually and emotionally committed to a philosophy which is utterly repugnant to that of Catholic Christianity. The social reforms for which he is mourned were not planned and fought for by him as correctives in a capitalistic society, but avowedly as a part of the gradual process which he described, in the words of Bebel, of creating a socialist society in the "entrails" of capitalism.

But Belgium is a Catholic country, one of the most Catholic in Europe. Her great war-time cardinal won the admiration of the western world. He has worthy heirs in the present Belgian hierarchy, noted both for benevolence and political wisdom. Nowhere than in Belgium is the social doctrine of the Church more zealously expounded by her priests. Nowhere is there a more promising Catholic trade-union movement or a healthier counterpoise to Marxism than in Belgian Jocism. And the fact is that Catholic parliamentarians cooperated at least to an extent in the later program of social reforms; that partially explains why anticlericalism (present in Belgium as surely as in every Catholic country) never remotely approached the tragic bitterness of other countries.

The rub remains, that there must have been many Catholics in the enormous crowds which passed at the rate of fifteen hundred per hour for two days, before the Vandervelde bier, while it was exposed in La Maison du Peuple. (The Socialist building is only a few steps from Notre Dame du Sablon, the loveliest Gothic jewel in Catholic Brussels.) These Catholics should know from their catechisms that their Church, in her divinely given sacraments, is a source of spiritual well-being which transcends anything that Vandervelde or any other political man could possibly do for them, as surely as eternity transcends time, as greatly as the spiritual works of mercy surpass the corporal works.

But why, in the corporal order, need it have been, not merely a non-Catholic but an anti-Catholic, who brought these tears from the men in sabots and the women in shawls? In these crowds were all too many misled subscribers to the fundamental Marxist errors. But there were other thousands of workingmen whose reaction was entirely in the tangible plane, whose sorrowful gratitude was for a man of politics who had obtained for them a certain measure of the basic decencies of life and work, which no other men of politics seemed as willing or as able to obtain for them. The plain man is not a metaphysician. The shorter working day, the cleaner factory which Socialist parliamentarians obtained are untheoretical, non-ideological facts in themselves, whatever their contingent relationship to a more radical program. To what length is the simple workingman expected to follow the arguments of the Socialist's opponents when these, far from initiating such concrete decencies, have often opposed them on the ground that they were proffered by the wrong people, through wrong motives?

The meditation of an American Catholic observer at the Vandervelde funeral could end only in certain reflections which could not be complacent. In the current hypocrisies of Communism, in America and elsewhere, the promotion of "democratic institutions" is being allegedly preferred to the promotion of world revolution. There has been even the insinuation of a possible rapprochement with Catholic forces for democratic social reform. Catholic spokesmen have properly replied that the suggestion of significant cooperation between the Church of Christ and her avowed mortal enemy is impossible. But this necessarily vigorous repulse is in process of this peculiar interpretation, among certain Catholics: that because democratic social reforms have Marxist advocates, the reforms are *per se* suspect!

If the Marxist wants, or professes to want, a piece of progressive labor legislation, he may doubtless be suspected of motives ideologically ulterior. But too many well-placed Catholics thereby permit themselves to rationalize their economic prejudices, and to oppose all such reforms as "communistic." And there are some

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Catholic publicists who have given aid and comfort to this rationalization. There are innumerable possible social reforms which have nothing "communistic" about them—they are Christian if they are anything—no matter how many Marxists have entered the lists for them. An easier working day, a wage limit pegged at least at the subsistence level, an alleviation of the terrifying consequences of the lay-off, an old age assured at least of bread and soup—are such things, or the process of obtaining them within the democratic framework, "communistic" because Marxists may have thought of some of them first, or were most active in organizing machinery for obtaining them? That should be the occasion for a sincere *mea culpa* that Catholic political and social leaders did not first think of them, or first promote the active means for obtaining them. The corporal works of mercy were enjoined upon us nearly two thousand years before Marx was born.

While the Marxist's espousal of democratic social reforms is always open to the suspicion of ulterior partizan aim, that does not vitiate the merit of the reforms, unless something has happened to Catholic logic. On the necessity of watching unceasingly for that ulterior aim, and of fighting its every manifestation, the warnings of Catholic spokesmen are most certainly justified. But among many Catholics substantially placed in business and in politics, there seems to be rather a superfluity of volunteers for the rubber-hose squad, and a dearth of volunteers for the kind of positive work which alone can implement the Church's program of social action. There seem to be more rubber-hoses in the air than there are Catholic-sponsored and Catholic-promoted programs of social betterment in actual progress of realization—admirable as are such movements that now exist. Suppose it were required that, before licensing a well-fed Catholic layman as an official thwacker of the Red Menace, he be required to produce evidence of some personal contribution, however small and in whatever direction, toward righting the wrongs of the exploited and the underprivileged!

For there seems to be a distressing gap in Catholic social effort. The social doctrine of the Church of Christ, the most perfect social doctrine in the world because it was given from without the world, has been clarified by sacred scholarship, enunciated by great Popes, and popularized by zealous bishops and priests. There is no lack of effort in the statement of doctrine. On the other hand, there are the Communion-breakfast politicos and the rubber-hose bravos who have grasped the negative condemnations of the Holy Father's social encyclicals so thoroughly that they seem never to have noticed the positive mandates in those great Christian charters. The missing group is that of Catholic political and social leaders who are noted for some contribution to their poor constituents more substantial than campaign clambakes, some skill less dubious than the running of municipal vote machines, some renown higher than cleverness in criminal and corporation law.

A frequent leftist accusation is that Catholics never became so conscious as they are today about modern social problems until militant Marxism forced the issue in competing for the worker's loyalty. We can ignore this as irrelevant, provided that our consciences are clear about present activity. That activity consists today in the dissemination of Catholic social doctrine by devoted bishops and priests (who cannot, of course, be its direct executors), to students, for whom it must remain for a time an academic exercise, and to groups of workingmen who cannot realize it without leaders. How many genuinely, conspicuously Catholic interpreters of the Holy Father's words are there in action now among the leaders, even in regions where Catholic politicians, business men and labor leaders abound?

The saddest thing about the Vandervelde funeral was this humiliating irony: the Belgian working masses had occasion to mourn as a great humanitarian a man whose beliefs ended in a dismal denial of the humanity that we believe in, the humanity created and redeemed by God. The day that an American Catholic political or social leader is carried to his grave with as many workingmen's tears, on that day the Communion-breakfast orators will find something other than the Reds to view with alarm.

It Was Like Sunday

It was not Sunday, it was not,
Yet it seemed Sunday, so he thought,
Sunday, Sunday it must be,
But it was a bell upon the sea.

The fog had come in, that was it,
Sweet and sweet the clapper hit
On the bell's rim, and the sound
Went round the ocean, round and round.

There was no ocean left in view,
Sunday meant rest, this bell did, too,
Rest from sailing, rest from seeing,
A man shut up in his own being.

Holy, holy fog, it said,
That calls a man home to his head,
That calls him home into the bone
And leaves him there sole, sole alone.

Toll on toll, no sun was there,
It was like Sunday everywhere,
Nothing to see, nothing to hear
But one bell toll, one heart ring clear.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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Juárez and Díaz

By RANDALL POND

ACCORDING to press releases, Mr. Paul Muni, able actor of stage and screen, has about completed another historical film. "Juárez" is the tentative title of the famous actor's new picture and it will, I suppose, sketch the life of the Indian who was president of Mexico in the days of Maximilian's empire (1864-1867), although Juárez's long career as chief executive stretched from 1856 to 1872.

Benito Juárez was a full-blooded Zapotec Indian from Oaxaca. He started life as a shepherd boy and eventually received a primary education through the kindness of a fervent member of the Third Order of St. Francis named Salanueva.

By 1821, Juárez was admitted to the seminary of Oaxaca, where he finished his philosophy and was about to enter theology (in 1827) when he decided that the priesthood was not for him. He left the seminary and entered the recently founded Civil Institute of Science and Arts in Oaxaca and there laid the foundation of his legal career.

The turbulent history of the next twenty years (1827-1847) was marked by anticlerical attacks on the Church (1832-1834); the loss of Texas after the San Jacinto disaster (1836); and the invasion of Mexico by American troops under Taylor and Scott (1846-1848). During this time Benito acted the part of an ambitious politician and became a partizan of that scourge of Mexico, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. In 1847, the former shepherd was chosen governor of the state of Oaxaca.

The histories of the time tell us that Juárez was "congratulated by the bishops of the place"; and that the new governor, after expressing his gratitude to Divine Providence, reminded his fellow Oaxacans of their obligations to the "religion which we profess." Three years later, when the dreaded cholera invaded his state, Juárez took part in a triduum, and in a procession in which he walked with arms crossed. He ordered state employees to go to confession and Communion and himself set the example.

But the pious governor of 1850 was soon transformer into the bitterly anticlerical chief justice of the supreme court of 1856. As one of a band of Masons, pseudo-democrats and new "liberals," Juárez helped write the so-called "Reform Laws" and the radical Constitution of 1857 which were evolved in an effort to smash the importance of the Church in Mexican life. When defenders of the Faith rose to repudiate this "liberalism," the terrible War of the Reform (1857-1860) began.

During this period, Juárez succeeded to the presidency when the incumbent was constitutionally disqualified. There is no space to detail his connivings with the United States, which power saved him from annihilation at Vera Cruz in 1859; his new laws of the same year which swept away the properties of the Church and thus truly began the deadly persecution which has continued to our day; and his signing of the shameful MacLane-Ocampo treaty, which placed Mexican sovereignty at the will of the United States.

Juárez, triumphant in 1860, fled before the French in 1862, "fought" Maximilian's empire from a discreet distance till 1867, and when that unfortunate prince fell prisoner at Querétaro in the same year, the "heroic" Juárez refused to countermand his court martial's order that the Emperor be shot.

From 1867 to 1872, the year of his death, Juárez used every trick and every wile known to the politics of his day to keep in power. The popular Porfirio Díaz, one of the real heroes of the French invasion, was prevented from reaching the high office that was his just reward. Eventually, Díaz emerged as one of the greatest executives of his time, a man who proved himself in every way the superior of Juárez. And since this latter statement may come as something of a shock to Hollywood "historians" and the casual reader, both of whom have learned to shudder at the word "dictator," let me substantiate it by facts.

Díaz, like Juárez, began life in Oaxaca, the son of poor parents. Like Juárez, he was destined for the priesthood, but turned to law instead. Here their careers diverge, for Don Porfirio chose the life of a soldier, and as commander of small bodies of troops in the War of the Reform he distinguished himself on the side of the liberals. Because of this he became one of the leading Mexican officers in the struggle against the French.

Díaz, captured at least twice, managed to escape each time. The courage and strategic ability which he displayed during the immortal victory over the French at Puebla (May 5, 1862) set the pattern for his later exploits in the Oaxaca and Puebla regions. Several times the French attempted to buy off this dangerous enemy, but he refused. This sidelight on the character of the man helps us to understand why even his worst enemies admitted his absolute honesty and the general uprightness of his private life. (A few months ago, his will was made public in Mexico. The total estate, including his house, amounted to about 450,000 pesos. Shades of Calles, Obregon, and other "millionaires of the Revolution"!)

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While government troops were surrounding and capturing Maximilian at Querétaro in 1867, Díaz was laying siege to the capital, which he took without serious trouble after Querétaro had fallen. In spite of his great popularity, he retired to his farm when peace came, but the tyranny of Juárez and the devastation of the country by armed bands called Díaz back to public life. His unsuccessful revolt in 1871 was followed by exile to the United States, from whence he returned to lead a second uprising. Successful in this, he succeeded Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, who had held the presidency from 1872 to 1876.

Díaz at once instituted a program of political, economic and social reform such as the country had never known. First he gave the roaming bandits a chance either to join his new *Rurales* (rural police) or be shot against a wall. Crimes in the country sections underwent a sharp decrease and long before 1900 Mexico was known as one of the safest countries for travel in the world. Next, the budget was balanced, local taxes inhibiting internal commerce were abolished, and foreign capital began to pour into railroad, mining, land, cattle, textile and oil developments. By 1904, the Mexican gold peso was considered as good a coin as the world could boast.

In accordance with his attempts to cement Mexican patriotism behind his new plan, the Church question was allowed to fade into the background. Thus the bishops were able to begin a building and expansion program that saw new schools, colleges and seminaries rise in place of those that had been confiscated by the "reformers." It is admitted that much of the religious leniency of the times was due to the efforts of Mrs. Díaz, the beloved "Doña Carmen," who still lives in Mexico City.

Don Porfirio has been bitterly criticized for his attitude toward the land question, the Indian problem, education and political suppression. While it is impossible to detail his viewpoints on these problems, I believe that the following may be said:

(1) The land question developed its modern aspects as a result of the Juárez reforms. Land confiscated from the Church was gobbled up by the new bourgeosie who came to the fore after 1860. From this time on, the communal lands of the Indians, which had been protected by old Spanish law and the Church, were more and more merged into the mighty haciendas of the 1880-1910 period. Again, it should be remembered that land reform was delayed in most European countries until after the World War.

(2) The Indian problem, which is closely tied to the land and education problems, was also a product of the times rather than a particular mortal sin chargeable to Díaz. This was the period when Helen Hunt Jackson was writing her "A Century of Dishonor" to denounce the horrible treatment of Indians in the United States. Again, the most recent government figures from the Mexican department of agriculture show that peons in Don Porfirio's time received more wages (and especially *real* wages) than do most state-supported peasants in Mexico today.

(3) To say that Don Porfirio's educational policy should be as severely judged as it was and is, leaves one open to the charge of reading history backward. The early struggle for a balanced budget, the ruin of commerce and industry which accompanied fifty years of warfare, and the very important fact that few governments anywhere had undertaken education as a task of the national government, helps to place the question in its proper light. Even the United States, where popular education was (and is) fostered, could show but an average of four and a half years schooling per person in 1890.

(4) Political suppression would be a much greater crime in the United States than it was in Mexico; and even here it took almost fifty years to give all men the franchise. The great gifts of Spain's colonial régime included little training in self-government; and it is safe to say that the uneducated masses of Mexicans were far from fitted to use unrestricted voting power sensibly at any time in the nineteenth century. We can see now that Díaz should have allowed young men to express themselves politically long before 1900; that he should have retired, probably about 1904. Yet we must remember that every Mexican president since 1911 (the year that Díaz resigned) has held power by force of arms and by either completely ignoring the will of the people or by organizing it so that the people acted as the rulers wished!

This is no apologia for the Díaz régime, for modern historians will soon begin to reestimate the man who needs but to be seen in his time in order for us to evaluate properly his greatness and his weakness. It is to be hoped that these dual sketches will serve to show the wide differences between Juárez, the so-called "democrat," and Díaz, the admitted dictator. If one deserves cinema "immortality," so does the other. But in *that* case, the Mexican government would not be very well pleased, for in official Mexico today it is still fashionable to venerate Juárez and to execrate Díaz. I suppose Hollywood has followed the official pattern.

The Meeting

There where the Mansion lawn is ever green,
Three wondrous men discuss Infinity,
Comparing It with what they had conceived
Infinity to be, and, reconciled
By truth, are friends. What strange companions they:
Yeats and Patrick, talking with Oisin.

TIMOTHY B. DAILEY.

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Memorial to Cock Robin

By MURIEL KENT

WE NAMED him Caruso in his youth, because of his extraordinary range and persistence as a singer—the only robin among our many intimates who did not become altogether silent during the molting time. We could count on hearing his triumphant notes before seven o'clock on dark winter mornings; indeed, nothing but his strenuous work of rearing numerous broods interrupted his musical career. And when his long hours of foraging duty were over, he used to finish off the day with an outburst of loud, clear song. Some years ago, one of us had the great privilege of seeing him give a first singing lesson—so softly that it was only just audible—to his four youngsters, perched in a row in front of him.

Caruso, and his father before him, were birds of strong individuality and physique; equally bold and confident in their relations with human beings, equally swift in their movements and intelligence. Both, too, had an engaging way of occasionally coming into a room, not for food, but to sit for a considerable time quite close to one of us, gazing steadily, almost wistfully, at their friend, as though they sought companionship and sympathy. The elder robin was a constant visitor in the garden and house for eight or nine years. Once, when the member of the family to whom he was specially attached was very ill, and he had failed to bring her down by singing through the greater part of a day in her sitting-room, he flew to the head of the stairs in search of her; then, as her bedroom door was closed, he tried the experiment of sliding down the banister rail, and liked the new sensation so well that he repeated the performance.

Caruso, even when laden with food, habitually came and went by the upper windows, if these were open; and chose to fly through a small hole in the garden wall rather than over it. But his "star turn" was entering at the top of a bedroom window in the early morning, dropping under the pineoleum blind which hung inside, and emerging to help himself to cheese from a little glass box on the dressing-table. Sometimes the owner of the room would wake to find him on the bed and under her chin. The return journey was a still more difficult feat, but Caruso never faltered in making it.

He extended his fearlessness with us to the strangers within our gates, and would "show off" most satisfactorily, coming from a distance to our call and alighting on an outstretched hand. Once he perched on the hat of a tradesman who was waiting for orders at the back door. On another occasion I found two Little Sisters of the Poor, who were collecting alms, in a flutter of surprise and delight because Caruso had swooped down to greet them with every sign of welcome as they stood outside our porch. And one afternoon last summer, a workman was attending to a job in the hall when Caruso, having entered by the high landing window, came hopping solemnly down the stairs. My sister handed her tin of crumbs to the youth and told him to hold it out, whereupon Caruso at once flew up and helped himself to a supply for his nestlings, while the astonished young man muttered, "Well, I'm blowed—well, I never!"

Caruso's taste in food was fastidious. As a rule he refused sweet stuff, and he only condescended to eat pastry when it was home-made. Buttered scone—only it must be "the best butter"—was his own favorite fare; and when his young ones were past the early days of grub-and-insect diet, it was the first thing he gave them. As their demands increased, his journeys to and fro became very frequent and he would pack his beak with currants (boiled), mixed crumbs or cheese, ramming these in as tightly as he could, and always in a desperate hurry. He made a very odd choice one day. We were at a meal and one of the party was eating a sardine when Caruso suddenly came behind her, snatched the morsel from her fork and carried it off like a flash. Evidently his strange offering was not rejected, for he was soon back again for another piece.

Some people believe that young robins, when old enough to be independent, drive away their parents, and take possession of the "territorial rights," but our experience is exactly the contrary. Caruso and his mate were entirely devoted to their offspring during the weeks that they needed food and protection; they trained them untiringly until the young ones were ready to fend for themselves. Then they were taken off to another garden and left there; or, if allowed to linger for a time in ours, it was made quite plain to them that they would receive no more attentions.

Caruso's mate during some years was a partner worthy of him—brisk, competent and cheerful; but hen robins seem less robust than the cocks, and our dear Susan disappeared after giving us several generations of young ones. Her successor, Betty, was a very different character and best described as the typical "clever man's wife"—pretty, slow-witted, and rather helpless in a competitive bird-world. Her lack of decision made her abandon the nests she had made, two summers in succession, in the safe shelter of our stable, now

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used as a potting-shed, and much frequented by Caruso. But, in 1935, our precautions and encouragements were successful, and she actually hatched and reared her first brood of the season in an old frail which hung on a long nail against the wall—her somewhat untidy nest being fortunately discovered by us in time to prevent any disturbance of the basket.

In the course of the summer two more families were produced, though not in our grounds; and Caruso, as usual, became quite thin and jaded with his incessant catering. His molt, too, began before the latest young ones were launched in life. But it was not till October that he had a mysterious attack which seemed like a kind of vertigo. We gave him an occasional drop of brandy or of olive oil or buttered crumbs; and, for a time, he made a wonderful recovery, showing his former vigor—except that he no longer sang. In November another, and worse, attack made us very uneasy, and, though he still came to us frequently, we could no longer persuade him to take any remedies. On November 20 he made his last appearance, remaining with us for some time, but with sadly changed looks. It was his farewell visit.

The poor little widow seemed greatly depressed by her loss. Perhaps she realized, as we did, that never again should we have such a gay and gallant companion, nor hear a song like Caruso's pealing through the garden. She was claimed by another mate, when nesting time came round again, but they failed to rear a brood, and before the end of the year she, too, disappeared. For our part, we missed Caruso more than ever, remembering all his eager activity at that season, and his charming familiar ways with us for nearly a decade.

Educating Sharecroppers' Children

By A TEACHER

FOR TWELVE years I have taught in a consolidated school. We have town children, children of factory parents, children of small landowners and children of the tenant farmers. At the end of the school year all are promoted except the tenant farmers' children. They stay out in the fall to pick cotton and in the spring to drop corn. They stay out to help in the hog killing, to plow, to harvest or to plant. Year after year they make no progress. At fourteen or fifteen when they drop out of school for good, their total attendance record would add up to only a few years at most. They can write their names, read haltingly, but are ignorant of all the things that might in the end lift them out of the class of destitute tenant farmers. No matter how much money the government might lend them, or how many homes it might purchase for them, they could never make a success of life.

As it is, the government is spending millions of dollars every year in various attempts to help the farmers of our country, but most of the benefits therefrom go to those who need it less than the really destitute and needy tenant farmers, the most ignorant and uneducated of whom cannot secure this aid. I named family after family of these destitute tenant farmers to the Resettlement head in this locality. He had never even heard of them. Obviously then it takes some brains, considerable initiative and a good deal of personal backing for a tenant farmer to get any of this government help.

Our present-day writers and economists are distressed over the situation of the tenant farmer —particularly the Southern white tenant farmer. I think no one better knows the actual need and suffering of these families than the teachers of the tenant farmers' children.

Are there not school attendance laws, you ask, and officers to enforce these laws? Yes, there are such laws, but the welfare workers who are entrusted with their enforcement are only human. They see the real and terrible need in these tenant homes. If the children do not help with the work, the work will not be done. There will be no food to eat. "We do all we can, but food must come before education," our county attendance worker said to me. And I could not help but admit that she was right.

I go into their homes. I talk with the parents. Almost without exception they want their children to go to school. They feel there is no chance for them in life unless they learn more than their parents know. But cotton must be picked, corn must be planted, fodder must be cut. The parents cannot do it all.

Living in out-of-the-way and inaccessible places, many of these families own no car, no stock of any kind. They plant no gardens for they can get no cash for seeds. They know nothing of the work of the County Agent and he scarcely knows of their existence. He is busy helping farmers who cooperate, and these half-buried tenant farmers are far too destitute and far too ignorant to cooperate. They do not even know how to seek help for themselves, nor how to appeal to those agencies that are set up to help them.

The homes range from one-room cabins to

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shabby half-fallen houses with open halls and draughty rooms. I went once to visit a school child whose parents rented a rocky farm at the outskirts of our district. The weather was cold, but I found two babies bedded down, naked, in a pile of cotton. The other children slept on straw in a corner of the room.

I went to see another family in June when all the children were ill with measles. They wore long flannel underwear, were smothered down in heavy quilts and every door and window was tightly closed. The children were in an agony of discomfort, but the mother could not be persuaded to remove a single cover or open a single window.

I went to another home where the little boy had been absent from school for several weeks. He was unable to walk on account of an eczema on his leg. His parents requested that I would spit on my finger and draw a ring around the rash. If someone outside the family would do this, the rash would go away. They knew this was so for they had seen it done time and time again.

And all of these were white, native-born families living within fifteen miles from a State College, a State Experiment Station, a center of government agencies for the help and relief of farming people.

How can the enlightenment of tenant farmers be brought about? I suggest a possible solution. Let the government pay tenant farmers bonuses to send their children to school. No bonus would be paid on any child unless the attendance were regular enough to make for real progress. The bonus on a child would increase, not with the age of a child, but with his grade in school, a further incentive to the parents to keep their children in school to the end of each school year, to insure regular progress from grade to grade. How much should the bonus be? Enough, if possible, to pay for the loss of the child's labor in the fields. Enough to hire extra help for the seasons of heavy work.

The proposal sounds simple enough. But would it be complicated and expensive to administer and who would administer it? I think it would cost very little for administration. Most of the work would fall upon the teachers who are quite used to doing extra work without extra pay. They would cheerfully help, for anything that served to decrease the problems of non-promotion and over-age children would lighten the teachers' tasks.

To qualify for a bonus a certain percentage of yearly attendance would be necessary. This percentage should be high enough to insure satisfactory work, but not so high that children would be sent to school sick or with colds. No unexcused absences would be permitted.

The teachers would send in a list at the end of the school year of tenant farmers' children who met the requirements, to a state or federal office whence the checks would be mailed to each school. The teachers would attend to their delivery.

Checks based on the year before might be delivered in June, in September or December, as those who planned the work thought best. Preferably the checks should come at the time of greatest needs. But under no consideration should they be based on part of a year's attendance. A child taken out of school in the spring should bring his parent no bonus, no matter how regular his winter attendance had been. There would be no penalty for changing schools. Attendance records would be transferred. But the long, unnecessary gap in attendance now so common at moving time would have to be eliminated.

Would the tenant farmer spend this money as he should, or would he waste it for such things as liquor while his children still went hungry and dirty? The answer is this. No matter how the money might be spent, the child would receive the education, a thing which could never be taken away from him. Perhaps, also, the bonus might be greater for children who have come to school clean, well and bringing lunches. To safeguard other children, the attendance of a sick child should not be counted. If sent to school sick, the child should be isolated or taken home at once.

Perhaps, you suggest, such a system of bonuses would discourage tenant farmers from becoming landowners. It might be best to extend the bonuses to include the first two years of land ownership, for these would be the most difficult years.

Whether or not this provision were included, there is a pride in ownership, a feeling of independence, that should more than compensate for any financial loss involved. Even if the present tenant farmers never became landowners, their children, less ignorant, better educated, would be a generation better able to help themselves or to be helped to ownership and real success.

One more question arises. Would these bonuses encourage shiftless tenant families to become too large? No, the bonuses would not be large enough for that. Each additional child would require additional support from his parents and this would overbalance the bonus.

How large would these bonuses have to be? I do not know. Economists must determine that. I do know, however, that a little real cash means a great deal to an ordinary tenant farmer. I have known family after family who never handled more than $60 cash in one year. If the total check for his children's school attendance amounted to $100 or even to $50, this would seem a real fortune to such a farmer. After all, the bonus would merely back up the parents' inherent wish for their childrens' well-being, a wish too often pushed into the background by the sheer physical necessities of living.

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Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

IF THIS particular column of THE COMMONWEAL displays more than its usual unevenness, and ups and downs and shiftings from side to side in thought and expression—which it is highly probable that it does—may its indulgent readers kindly remember that in addition to the ordinary difficulties which this commentator (like all his colleagues!) must face in attempting to meet the one inflexible requirement of his profession, namely, to get his stuff written on time to catch the next issue of the paper printing his world-shaping views, he must on this occasion struggle with extraordinary difficulties which suddenly developed between the time when he wrote his last contribution and the present one. When he last expressed his views (whatever they were: for I've forgotten them as completely as, most probably, their readers have done), he sat by a window in a solid concrete Barry Byrne type of country house on a hill-top in Connecticut, amid tall bare trees that were black and silver under bright starlight that dimly illumined branches and twigs coated from a recent rain that froze as it fell. Now, using the same typewriter, I sit near a window in a floating city of steel, rolling from side to side, and dipping up and down, amid the foam-crested waves and the heaving swell of that "tideless, dolorous, inland sea," the Mediterranean, seven days out from New York, on my way to see a new Pope crowned in St. Peter's, and, of course, to write about it later. So I peck at the keys of the typewriter jerkily, with hands suspended as the S.S. Rex indulges in its more prolonged gyrations, like some piano-player improvising a composition and uncertain about what notes to strike.

And indeed I too must improvise—even as most commentators on public affairs, and the arts, and even solid science itself, must customarily do: as I think most of them would confess, in their moments of honest self-examination of conscience, if and when they perform that embarrassing exercise.

For it is all very well to intend to write one's views and reviews concerning the affairs of the world, or of one's parish—all the way from high politics to night club society and glamor girls—on a sound basis of authentic knowledge of the subjects, or the persons, aided by one's assumed (possibly presumptuously assumed) possession of wisdom, and understanding, and other gifts of the Holy Ghost. From Walter Lippmann to Walter Winchell (and that's some distance!), or from Dorothy Thompson to Dotty Dimples of Hollywood, or from pontifical Mark Sullivan to piffling Lucius Beebe, the multitude of commentators and columnists who nowadays have occupied the seats of the mighty in journalism, in by far the greater number of cases zealously toil to acquire information and honestly strive to express their notions of what it's all about as usefully (or as entertainingly) as their extremely varied powers and capacities permit. Some of them, like Oliver Goldsmith ("Poor Poll") write like angels—that is, with something at least approaching the angelic qualities of lucid intelligence; others, so to speak, write out of the side of their mouths—the "tough babies," to dip into their own argot, who make the modern mob-mind articulate in journalism's contemporary Babel. Some commentators are really well-informed observers, while others are just brain-pickers and key-hole Paul Prys. Some are sound thinkers nourished by our civilization's central spiritual and moral principles, and Christendom's tradition of reasonableness and common sense; others write for the minds which like their own are blown about the dizzy world with all the winds and cross-currents of ancient and modern heresies, expressing all except the still unprintable bits of the welter of fads and follies of our deliquescent Time-spirit. But no matter how hard and faithfully the columnists may try to keep abreast of the rushing stream of things they know it can't be done.

The press is like the other great agencies of our complex mechanized civilization, in that it is being defeated by its inability to control its own over-developed instruments. In the case of the press, of course, these are its marvellous devices for the rapid, well-nigh instantaneous transmission and duplication and distribution of the record of events, and the expression of opinions concerning the events. This mingled mass of news and views forms the principal stuff, plus radio reports and commentaries, which is daily, hourly, well nigh every minute of every day in the week, poured out in a ceaseless flood of written and spoken words. How may the most conscientious and soundest and best equipped of all the multitude of these shapers and makers of the tremendous (and highly explosive!) force of public opinion even pretend to keep up with the news? To say nothing about going behind the news, to the "off-the-record" information which often is far more important than what is published? To say nothing, further, about going behind this "inside stuff" to the serious study of the fundamental factors of history, and economics, and philosophy—and, above all, religion—which are at the very roots of the jungle-like growth of the tangled international and national problems of this day of world-wide revolution?

It just can't be done, for there is not enough time in the day even to follow the surface show of things—and beneath that surface those who seem most confident in their explorations and their judgments are probably the most dangerous of all the self-appointed guides who try to lead their readers through this maze of mysteries and myths. So those of my profession who don't become so badly intoxicated with the perilous power of the press as to consider it incarnated in their own persons—and those who are not merely paid agents of various forms of insidious propaganda controlled by certain governments and many types of special interests—those, in brief, who still simply are honest journalists, give up trying to be omniscient, and all-wise, and cock-sure. They merely try their best to find and point out amid the maze what may, in their best and strictly limited capacity to judge, prove to be clues by which the maze may be safely and surely traversed, even if it can't be fully understood. Some of the

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more trustworthy commentators consider that modern science may most surely be trusted to supply such clues; others explore various forms of psychology. A few of us think that what is certainly demonstrable in science will as certainly be partially helpful, and what is sane and reasonable in psychology may be safely welcomed; but that we must ourselves seek first, and indicate to others for their consideration, that one Light that alone illuminates the world of this present darkness; and by that Light travel toward that which being arrived at is the magnetic center for the realization of all that we desire which really is worth having or being.

Some of us on board the Rex are among the number, or try to be, who have made up our minds as to where the clues may be discovered by the bewildered, or falsely confident, or humble-minded writers for and readers of that mirror of the world, which is its press. For mirrors will reflect all things, even the truth. It will shine in the sun (like the heliograph mirror on the warship now signalling to other vessels in some squadron bound on some errand in the complicated war-or-peace game of which this great inland sea is now the scene, as it has been since the first canoes or rafts of primitive mankind ventured upon its waters in the dawn of the human story), or it will scintillate in the neon lights of Broadway with equal facility. And I, for one, even after nearly a life-time of placing images before that mirror, or reading the images manipulated by other servants of the press, and after long ago finding out how great a part of its shadow-show is mere illusion, and how some of it is the product of evil enchanters of the mind of man, still believe that the press (I am thinking of our own, American press) is far more hospitable to the news and the views which belong to the sphere of religion than it has appeared in recent years, when only the affairs of the secular spheres seemed to matter. But in this time of the shaking of all the pillars of the secular world there is a dawning comprehension of the fact that those pillars must be based —if they are to be restored to balanced safety—not upon material but rather upon spiritual foundations.

So, anyhow, I muse, as the theme for this improvisation. For seven days now I have had no newspapers to read save the ship's Italian paper, with its column or two of English news. Even amid shipboard noises, the jazz band in the bar, the orchestra after dinner, the gossip over tea cups, and the throbbing of machinery, it is possible to catch a rumor, at least, of the silence and solitude of the sea, and the vast dome of its roofing sky—especially when one enters the chapel with the red light that betokens not only the mystery of the sea, and the earth, and men and their affairs, but also the mystery of the Source of them all. And in that silence and solitude, like a retreatant in a monastery cell, even a modern journalist can make at least a partial meditation upon his queer trade, and his own part in it, and the general outlook for its somewhat dubious future.

As I have been trying, now, to report, with, I am afraid, but indifferent accuracy, and expressing debatable views—in short, journalistically. Nevertheless there is, I am certain, some reflection of truth in what I've been trying to say. And again it is up to my readers, like all the readers of all sections of the press, to do the best you can (if you think it worth your while) to disentangle the clue of the truth for yourselves.

Poor readers! Today, anyhow, I am in a position to pity you; for whether you read me or not, I'm happily on a ship in the sea, with all the fun of journalism's adventurous side to make up for all dissatisfactions with its other aspects, and all discontents with personal inadequacies. And for me, anyhow, simply to be on a ship at sea would be a joy in itself, but to be going to Rome as the quest of a voyage—ah! no journalism (of mine) can give you the thrill of that adventure! But when I see the new Pope crowned in glory in St. Peter's, amid the pealing of the silver trumpets, amidst the shining swords of the Noble Guard, surrounded by the Sacred College of the Cardinals, and a vast multitude of the children of God whose Vicar he will be (while the flax that a grey-garbed monk has burned before the uplifted figure in the litter goes up in smoke to remind the Pontiff in his gorgeous robes that, "so, Holy Father, passes away the glory of this world!")—I shall again become a working, not a dreaming reporter and commentator, and will do the best I can for you, my dear and very patient editors and readers.

Communications

SIT-DOWN STRIKES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: In the Supreme Court decision on the sit-down strike in Fansteel Metallurgical Corporation's plant, it is assumed from the start that the occupation of a plant by employees against the employer's will or expressed wishes is beyond question illegal—"a wrongful act." Evidently even the NLRB had made the same assumption for the decision says, "..or is it questioned that the seizure and retention of respondent's property was unlawful. . . ."

That the matter was not so clear as all that to the American people is plainly shown by the newspaper headlines: "Court Outlaws Sit-down Strikes," "Sit-downs Illegal, Court Rules," etc. That, the journals deemed, was news. The NLRB was not defending sit-downs and, naturally, neither was Fansteel. Thus the decision is made without the case for sit-down strikes having been presented to the Court. This must be accepted as the law of the United States until time and opinion, death and appointment can work a reversal, unless, of course, some effective substitute for this peaceful picketing can be found or industrial relations so improve as to make it needless.

The indignation of the Court was aroused by "the ousting of the owner from *lawful* possession," by the "illegal seizure of the buildings in order to prevent their use by the employer in a *lawful* manner." But that the employer was using the buildings in a lawful manner is contradicted by evidence cited and confirmed in the decision itself: Fansteel was violating the Wagner Act by

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interfering with the organization of employees, by employing a labor spy, and by refusing to negotiate with a union representing a majority of the employees. These violations of the law were the causes and issues of the strike, no mere incidentals, and presumably Fansteel might have had immediate possession of the buildings any time it indicated it wanted them for lawful use, that is in compliance with the Wagner Act. True, the illegality of the corporation's acts had not been adjudicated at that time, but neither had that of the sit-down strike definitively. However, it will be granted that the workers are not the proper agents of law enforcement if the authorized agents are accessible and functioning. Neither party to a dispute should be policeman or judge.

In connection with that point: it is emphasized in this decision, with reference also to the Consolidated Edison case, that the Board's powers are remedial, not punitive, in its orders to employers. Since not even the Board (and certainly not the employees) may punish the employer for his violations of law, why is it considered proper for the employer to punish the employees for their "illegal act" by discharging them? If the law has been violated, may it not adequately defend itself, as it in fact did by imposing fines and jail sentences on the sit-down strikers for defiance of the court order to vacate? And as it presumably would again if the employer proved charges of trespass against the sit-down strikers, or even brought action for damages? It would seem that the employer is allowed resort not only to legal action in defense of his rights but also to economic action that is punitive, or revengeful.

In sanctioning the discharge of workers for a merely illegal act, the law, as represented by the Supreme Court, complacently allows the law to be defended by one who, when it suited his interests, flouted it. The concern of the Court lest the toleration of sit-down strikes subvert the principles at the basis of society is not balanced by concern lest other employers be encouraged to break the law by the all but total success of Fansteel.

The lesson for the workers is a good one, needed perhaps as frequently as it is administered: that their protection lies in their own strong, complete organization and the intelligent, careful use of their organized strength. Relinquishment of the sit-down strike before its technique had been perfected will not be a major handicap to labor. It did tend to keep the dispute where it belonged—in the factory between the employer and the employees, rather than transferring it to the street with the employer's cause taken up by luckless scabs and dehumanized finks, whose "right to work" the police must defend. However, this one tactic is not an essential nor indeed a popular one in the workers' share toward reconstructing the social order. The call, as before the decision, is for the organization of all workers into sound, democratic unions and, more than ever, for labor unity. The Wagner Act of itself is no Magna Carta for labor but of value in affording some protection while the workers get into position and school themselves to assert and defend their rights. Now is the acceptable time.

ELIZABETH AHERN.

THE BROTHER WHO CAME

Fargo, N. Dak.

TO the Editors: May I think you from the bottom of my heart for publishing "The Brother Who Came," in THE COMMONWEAL of February 10, and may I also congratulate Albert Eisele for his very true and tender, human document? I know so well every character in the article—they are my friends—and I am thankful and proud to say that my lot is cast with the Peters, the Steves and Ottilias rather than the Johns and the Augusts.

While we wipe a bit of mist from our eyes and ponder Steve's plight, let us resolve that we shall analyze honestly and courageously these forces which have caused it. Let us look beyond Steve to his family whom he could not afford to bring. Let us analyze their needs—both material and spiritual—and resolve that the sons and daughters of all the Steves shall have their just opportunity in the Land of the Free.

PAULINE M. REYNOLDS.

Minerva, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Mr. Eisele's "The Brother Who Came," in the February 10 COMMONWEAL, is powerful. It should be compulsory reading for our cheap-jack political straw bosses.

ELLA FRANCES LYNCH.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE CCC

Williamsport, Pa.

TO the Editors: Mr. Paul R. Waddell's article, "Christianity in the CCC," in the March 3 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, comes as an unpleasant confirmation of my infrequent observations of CCC youths.

To anyone who has seen and heard a group of them—many of them of appalling youthfulness—in the smoking car of a train when they were going on or coming from a holiday visit, as I have, Mr. Waddell's disclosures complete the picture with tragic inevitability.

It makes one shudder to contemplate what must be the life among them of a boy who is timid or spiritually weak. In addition to the frequent ministrations and constant influence of priests, these boys need our prayers.

DON DICKINSON.

Villanova, Pa.

TO the Editors: Paul Revere Waddell, it seems to me, rode the wrong horse when in the March 3 issue of THE COMMONWEAL he insinuated that too many CCC groups are without any sort of religious instruction or aid. I have visited many such CCC units and have observed that the CCC cooperate very nicely with local Catholic clergy. Indeed, I remember an incident that happened two years ago when, while visiting the Reverend Max Bogacki, at Fillmore, New York. Father Bogacki took me to a CCC unit he was chaplain for. At this unit about one-third of the boys, practically all of the Catholics, practised the *missa recitata*. Many of the boys with whom I talked seemed quite well informed on their faith. I am sure that other CCC units can report the same conditions.

RICHARD L-G. DEVERALL.

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Points & Lines

Pope Pius XII and the Press

THERE were few dissenting voices as all the statesmen and peoples of the world joined the Catholic faithful in rejoicing at the election of Cardinal Pacelli as Pope. The American secular press was enthusiastic in its welcome of Pius XII. The various tributes definitely reflect the political anxieties of our troubled times. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* entitled its editorial, "A Magnificent Choice," and went on to say:

> We rejoice in the elevation of Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli to the Papacy. He is a man of high talent, superb attainment and wide experience. . . . Even in normal times Cardinal Pacelli's elevation would be hailed as a distinguished choice and another instance of the wisdom and spiritual integrity of the ancient Church of Rome. But in view of the special conditions now existing the action of the cardinals, in its rebuke to Europe's monsters on horseback, is no less than thrilling.

The Baltimore *Sun* included some personal reminiscences about Pius XII:

> Those who were fortunate enough to met him when he made his unprecedented tour of the United States found him, first of all, an easy and agreeable companion. His English was weak, but that fact did not halt the flow of his ideas and only slightly handicapped those who talked to him. The reason was not far to seek. He had the gift of friendship. His eyes, though shrewd and penetrating, were kindly and not lacking in humor. There was sympathy in his glance even when it rested but momentarily on the one before him, the same kind of sympathy which so many thousands found in the late Cardinal Gibbons. Indeed the likeness between him and the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore was remarked upon by many persons. As Pius XII he puts on the Ring of the Fisherman at a time when the Church, though strong and unshaken, is beset by enemies more than ordinarily ruthless and brutal. No one can say with what success he will meet the continuing attack. But it is certain that he will meet it with wisdom, with dignity, and with a skill that, though inspired from within, will be the more resourceful because of his long training in the arts of diplomacy and his natural aptitude for meeting and understanding of all sorts and conditions of men.

Another commentary on Pius XII based on personal observation was one of the syndicated columns of Dorothy Thompson:

> Those of us who were foreign correspondents in Berlin during the days of the Weimar Republic were not unfamiliar with the figure of the doyen of the diplomatic corps. Tall, slender, with magnificent eyes, strong features and expressive hands, in his features and his bearing Eugenio Archbishop Pacelli looked every inch what he was—a Roman nobleman, of the proudest blood of the western world.

Miss Thompson cites the historic occasion when Archbishop Pacelli presented Benedict XV's peace proposals to the German government in 1917.

> In supporting this plea to the German government and bishop Pacelli showed enormous political insight and prophetic vision. The Bolshevist revolution had broken out in Russia and the Archbishop expressed himself to high officials of the German government, prophesying two things: first, that if the war were continued it was questionable whether western civilization would survive it, and secondly that Germany would lose it. . . . As archbishop and cardinal the new Pope displayed not only exceptional diplomatic gifts, but all who knew him were conscious of his profound religious fervor. Like all great Catholics he takes a long view of things, for the Church does not think in terms of today and tomorrow but of cycles and epochs.

Heywood Broun was one of the most enthusiastic American commentators on the election. And the Stalinist *Daily Worker* openly expressed its reasons for greeting Pius XII so warmly:

> The world-wide interest in the election of a new Pope goes far beyond the confines of the three hundred million Catholics throughout the world. The reason for this is obviously to be found in the fact that mankind, as well as the Catholic Church, faces the brutal menace of a monster —Fascism, armed to the teeth, waging war. . . . The first words of Pope Pius XII are fittingly of peace. They are a summons to peace. And who menaces humanity's peace? Where do the bloody deeds come from? The latest reports of 500,000 Catholic refugees from the Nazi hell gives the answer. The "bitter sadness" with which Pope Pius XI castigated the terror of Mussolini against the Catholic youth of Italy speaks the indictment of Fascist barbarism.

That would almost seem to make it unanimous as far as comments in the American press go, but the *Christian Science Monitor* has some reservations.

> Many who see the Vatican's attitude toward Fascism and Communism as the most important question in the election may not be wholly reassured even by the elevation of Pius XII. They have been made uneasy by Rome's support of Franco in Spain, and have found that fascistic thinking finds fertile soil in Roman Catholic communities such as Quebec and Latin America and among Roman Catholic leaders such as Mayor Hague and the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin. . . . But the record of the Vatican is generally one of opposition to all-absorbing states. While this is directed chiefly to opposing a control over the individual which interferes with its own control, and its tradition is not democratic, there is implicit in the religious ideal of Christianity a consideration for the individual which is the surest safeguard against totalitarianism.

But in the main the American people welcomed the election of Cardinal Pacelli. Their reactions and those of other peoples are summed up by the New York *Times:*

> The selection of Pius XII—the first Pope to bear the name was Saint Pius consecrated in 158—brought nearly general applause around the world. Statesmen and the press, laymen and churchmen, hailed him as a man equipped by experience and wide travels to meet the issues of the day and hour. In Washington and London it was held that the new Pope would encourage all forces seeking to lift the threat of war and totalitarianism. In Paris even Socialists and Communists praised Pope Pius XII as a probable barrier to Fascism. The Fascist nations—Italy and Germany—were divided in their opinion. In the Italian press the selection was praise. But the German press, which had opposed Cardinal Pacelli's election, charging that he favored the western democracies, was at first silent, but later expressed an attitude of watchful waiting.

There were few comments in the secular press which were not largely political in character. Much was made of the fact that Germany and perhaps Italy, in the persons of their dictators, had opposed the selection of

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Cardinal Pacelli. Quite typical is the Chicago *Daily News:*

> To say that his election constitutes a direct and seemingly a calculated rebuff to totalitarianism is merely to state the obvious. When Hitler insisted, through his controlled press and his Roman Ambassador, that the cardinals name a Pope "friendly" to Nazism, his intention to exclude Pacelli was as plain as though he had named him. Mussolini's request for a "non-political" Pope was scarcely less pointed. As they are in the habit of doing, the dictators thus laid down blunt demands. This time they have got a blunt answer. For months the world has wished to see the bluff of the dictators called. The Catholic Church has now called it. Developments from this point on should not be lacking in interest.

Mark Sullivan in his column in the New York *Herald Tribune* also overemphasizes the political aspects of the papal election, though to a lesser degree.

> The world-wide expressions of satisfaction about the elevation of the new Pope everywhere include gladness that the new Pope has the same attitude as the late one about the principal controversy now before the world. To both democracy is religion's ally. To both dictatorship is religion's enemy. Probably the College of Cardinals by their choice of Cardinal Pacelli and by their promptness wished to give the world a sign of continuity of the late Pope's policy. The new Pope was in long personal association with the late one. The new Pope in his former office of Papel Secretary of State exercised the function which had to do with the relation between the Church and the dictatorships. A confirming symbol is seen in the new Pope's choice for himself of the same official name that his predecessor bore—Pius XI is succeeded by Pius XII. It happens that the particular conflict between religion and dictatorship that is just now acute, the one that is stressed in all present comment, is the one between religion and German Nazism. But it would be unfortunate if the world neglected to bear in mind that the conflict is between religion and all the dictatorships. In fact it is with Russian Communism that the conflict goes deepest; it was Russian Communism which set up extermination of religion as a fundamental principle of authoritarian society.

The San Francisco *Monitor,* official archdiocesan paper, intimated some of the religious aspects of the elevation of Pius XII:

> He is a man divinely ordained and a man historical. The life of the Church is the life of mankind. All else depends on it because the God-Man created it to be the life of men. The original creation, the sequence of natural life, is not independent of the God Who sent His Only Begotten Son to be the Light and the Life of the World. Whom Christ chooses by the agency of men through the inspiration of the Holy Ghost to be His Vicar on Earth is the chief agent of the historical process in the time that is allotted to him.

Or as Michael Williams phrased the views of certain Catholic observers at the Vatican, in a dispatch to the New York *Times* on the day of the election:

> After all and above all the true significance of today's events is to be found in the simple enduring fact that Saint Peter's successor will find his primary task to be that of doing all that his own natural powers, aided, as Catholics believe, by the supernatural power of God's grace, can accomplish to administer religion pure and undefiled in the name of Christ to the sin-stricken souls of mankind. All other problems, even so grave a one as the relationship of the world-wide Church with the world-wide opposing power of organized atheism and materialism . . . are accidental, not of substance to today's story.

Appeasement with Teeth: The Budget

THE REVIVAL of conservative economics went ahead gustily during the first days of March. Senator Pat Harrison was the star ball-carrier in the forward plunge. He issued a severe statement of warning on March 3, from which we excerpt:

> We are confronted with a budget which calls for over $10,000,000,000 in appropriations for the next fiscal year and the cold suggestion in the budget message of a deficit that will amount to $3,500,000,000.
>
> This Congress is to consider the legislation that would make possible these large expenditures. We have a national debt of $40,000,000,000 and a guaranteed underwritten debt of $5,000,000,000.
>
> The present law fixes the national debt limit at $45,000,000,000.
>
> With mounting expenditures and recurring deficits, it is inevitable that that limit will be reached about the first of July, 1940. . . .
>
> Taxes are now so heavy that to increase them would add additional burdens upon American industry and the American people. Additional taxes would act as a deterrent to the revival of business, to the increased employment of people, and would handicap the government's effort to increase the national income.
>
> I am opposed, unless exceptional circumstances arise, to increasing by law the present limit of the national debt. The only way, however, to avoid this request coming to Congress or the taxes being increased is to begin immediately a radical and substantial cut in government expenditures. . . . I have no confidence in the economic philosophy that we must spend ourselves out of this economic disorder.

Senator Harrison gave no outline of how he would go about cutting expenses. The following day Senator Harrison together with Representative Doughton published a letter to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau dealing with tax revision:

> As chairman of the respective committee having to deal with the subject of taxation in Congress, and believing that we express the sentiments of our respective committees, we would like to have, as soon as possible after the March 15 returns have been received and examined, the views and recommendations of the Treasury Department relating to any provisions of the tax law which, in your judgment, act as a deterrent to business and which, in your opinion, come within the scope of the statements to which we have referred [appeasement speeches of Cabinet officers and the President]. . . . We believe that any well-defined recommendations concerning such modifications of the present tax law as will encourage private industry to increase employment, add to the purchasing power of the people and stabilize the revenues to the government, will be most helpful. We stand ready and anxious to cooperate.

These frankly conservative doctrines, outright repudiation of pump-priming and government spending to develop national income and implied cutting of extraordinary relief expenditures and public works, were recognized by Right and Left and Medium according to their preconceptions. Thus the *Daily Worker,* Communist party newspaper, says:

> But Harrison's blast against the New Deal is not his own idea. On February 28, Harrison had a meeting with Garner, Senators Glass and Byrd, and Speaker Bankhead. Here they worked out a program which calls for revision downward of the Social Security Act, a crippling of the SEC, repeal of the undistributed profits tax, a halt to government regulation of monopoly, weak as this is, and similar bonuses to Big Business.

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Harrison's discussion of the national debt is therefore only a smokescreen for this much wider attack on the vital legislation which the American people need for their protection.

The enemy within the New Deal gates is just as dangerous as the Hoover gang outside. In fact, they are working together as much as possible.

The New York *Times*, on the other hand, endorses the Senator:

It is useless to look for a miracle in Washington. Congress cannot be expected to accept the political risks involved in an effort to recapture control of a runaway budget unless it is convinced that the great majority of people in this country share Mr. Harrison's scepticism over the merits of "pump-priming" and his fear that a continuously mounting public debt can lead in the end only to confusion and disaster. Mr. Harison has called for the effective support of opinion in the undertaking of a necessary task and he deserves a reassuring answer.

He received plenty of reassurance from the press. The Baltimore *Sun*, for instance, tries to drive the government on:

If sincere, it [the administration, that is] must either impose higher taxes or else reduce expenditures. There is no doubt that of these two possible courses, the cut in expenditures is the better alternative. Taxes are already punitive. . . . But there is no evidence, despite the fine words of Messrs. Hopkins and Morgenthau, that Mr. Roosevelt himself has given up his faith in the idea that, if the government spends enough, the national income will finally rise to the point where the budget will automatically balance itself. Moreover, such is the temperament of Mr. Roosevelt that a suggestion looking toward economy is hardly likely to be welcomed if it comes from as independent a mind and one as free from subservience as that of Senator Harrison.

Paul Leach of the Chicago *News* warns the administration:

Now, Mr. Roosevelt either must agree with his two congressional fiscal committee chairmen and say so or reopen the whole unhappy business-punishing argument all over again in a fight for his way of doing things. All of which means that this session of Congress may well last into August.

Walter Lippmann suggests in his column:

What is needed and what is possible is not a series of little measures accompanied by verbal assurances, but an action, as decisive as his embargo on gold in the spring of 1933, which will cause the resumption of private investment. . . . The stroke of policy most certain to do that would be the repeal of the capital gains tax.

Newsweek does not think much of the chances for changed tax laws:

General outlook is for a general tax bill very slightly increasing the total federal levy. Tax experts break down the outlook this way: The move to subject federal, state and local securities to taxation will fail, but (as part of an understood bargain) government salaries will be opened to taxes. Processing taxes, "incentive taxes," and social-security tax changes will fail. There's now fair chance that, to help business, the remnant of an undistributed-earnings tax will be removed and the flat corporation income tax will be boosted from 16½ percent to about 18 percent to compensate. It's also barely possible that the capital-gains tax will be altered slightly and that (if revenue demands require it) the levy on personal incomes between $10,000 and $50,000 will be raised.

The leftist *Nation* makes a remarkable concession:

Recovery is so important, not merely for its own sake but for the maintenance of the New Deal as a whole, that sacrifices in the field of taxation or even a limitation for a definite period of new federal power projects might be justified if a large-scale expansion of private investment followed. But if business is to obtain concessions it ought to give stringent guarantees that it will make its contribution.

A Brookings Institution report plays down possibilities of savings through reorganization of administrative departments and bureaus:

Possibilities of economy through mere structural reorganization of federal administrative agencies are relatively minor in comparison with those which might be realized by the elimination and curtailment of activities. . . .

The entire budget for operation of administrative agencies, including the administration of all emergency activities, amounted to $1,827,318,000 in the past fiscal year, which was approximately 17.65 percent of the total amount available for expenditures. The remaining $8,522,590,000 was appropriated for various functions and activities which administrative reorganization would not touch. . . . [Saving] involves subjecting all present functions and activities to a rigorous, detailed pruning process, which involves examining the multitudinous activities of the executive agencies, abandoning those which are not regarded as essential and reducing others to the necessary minimum. . . . The second procedure involves the development of a more consistent social and economic program through the reexamination of broad policies that are now in conflict. Such major problems are involved as the elimination of conflicting government price policies; encouragement of private enterprise so that economic, self-sustaining employment may be substituted for government-made work and the relief of employable persons; and the development of a healthy coordinated and self-supporting transportation system.

The National Economy League dared to publish definite suggestions for curtailing expenses. Two tables show the full force of their propositions, one comparing the President's budget for the 1940 fiscal year with a proposed "deficit-reducing" budget, and a second showing the League's conception of a "balanced budget" exclusive of debt retirement. A general summary paragraph says:

Our proposed reductions are based mainly on the following assumptions: (a) a considerable improvement in business conditions which will lighten the relief load; (b) revamping of federal relief to provide a more economical method of administration without sacrificing human needs; (c) a drastic curtailment of public works expenditure to meet only needs for "normal" public works; and (d) some reduction in farm subsidies.

The following is a condensation of the tables referred to (all figures in millions).

	President's Budget for Fiscal Year	Proposed "Deficit-Reducing" Budget for Fiscal Year	"Balanced Budget"
Expenditures	1940	1940	1940
Relief	$2,040	$1,400	$ 905
Public Works	1,131	700	439
Social Security	928	928	1,040
AAA	694	500	500
National Defense	1,320	1,320	1,050
Interest	1,050	1,025	1,025
Veterans	539	539	539
All Other	1,293	875	875
Total	$8,995	$7,287	$6,364
Receipts	5,669	6,142	
Net Deficit	$3,326	$1,145	

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The Stage & Screen

The Swing Mikado

THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN fanatic will no doubt find the Federal Theatre Negro "Mikado" near to blasphemy, but others will enjoy it hugely. In the first place no such splendid ensemble singing has been heard in my memory in any Gilbert and Sullivan operetta; indeed for pure singing with the exception of Ko-Ko and the Mikado I have never heard any of the principals surpassed. The singing of Herman Greene in the former rôle was adequate, but the Mikado of Edward Fraction was not. But Maurice Cooper as Nanki-Poo sang "A Wandering Minstrel I" better than I ever remember having heard it sung, while Gladys Boucree as Yum-Yum, Mabel Walker as Katisha, William Franklin as Pooh-Bah, and Lewis White as Pish-Tush have all beautiful voices which they know how to use. And the chorus is a chorus which both in its quality of tone and in its spirit is the dream of an impresario. That this time the impresario is the United States government makes it none the less welcome. There are those who hold that with Negro performers the whole operetta should have been in swing, but I for one profoundly disagree. Almost all of the numbers were first given legitimately, and no singers, not even the magnificent organization of Savoyards, have of recent years given them more artistically or with such naturally beautiful voices.

In the projection of dialogue and the general interpretation of the book the players are less successful. While the music is Sullivan, the play is not Gilbert. But Negroes are far removed from Anglo-Saxons, and Gilbert's humor and philosophy is English to an intense degree. So to atone for this lack the numbers, or at least many of them, are in repetition, swung. Here the orchestra, the chorus, the principals let themselves go. Chorus and principals are indistinguishable; each one does what he or she feels like doing, with such abandon that it makes the gusto of the white race seem a pallid thing indeed. At these times Gilbert is kicked quite off the stage, and Sullivan undergoes a delirious metamorphosis. The "Swing Mikado" may not be authentic Gilbert and Sullivan, but it is a mighty good show, and mighty well sung. The Federal Theatre is to be congratulated. (At the New Yorker Theatre.)

Frank Fay Vaudeville

THIS is old-fashioned vaudeville, and very good vaudeville at that, with Frank Fay as a most amusing interlocutor. There is Elsie Janis, as delightful as ever she was, and Smith and Dale, and the Hannefords, and Chester Hale's Dancing Girls, with an exquisite solo dancer in Helen Leitche, and for the climax of the first part, Eva Le Gallienne and Richard Waring in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." It is to be hoped that Mr. Fay's venture will succeed, and the opening audience both in size and enthusiasm were of good omen. For vaudeville used to be a training ground for some of our best dramatic artists, and its gradual disappearance has left nothing in its place. It is evident that Frank Fay knows what to give if vaudeville is to be restored. (At the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.) GRENVILLE VERNON.

Cagney, Temple and Fonda

HOLLYWOOD'S "western" cycle is in full swing and we might as well sit up and take it. The pictures, all pretty much of a pattern, seem to be quite aware of the Jesse James theme. James Cagney, as "The Oklahoma Kid," is a tough straight-shooter of the 1890's, good in heart but doesn't believe in law and order, which he says means the strong stealing from the weak and the smart stealing from the strong; so he robs the robbers and takes the law into his own hands. This film fits into the "western" pattern: excellent horsemanship, shooting from the hip, murder, revenge, saloons and gambling houses with a tinkling piano and gals hanging around the tables, a couple of bang-up fights with the villain getting his in the end. It stands out, in spite of inconsistencies in plot, for Cagney's portrayal of the Kid, hard, rough, cynical with a sardonic laugh; for Humphrey Bogart's dirty mean villain; and for Lloyd Bacon's direction, especially in one breathless scene that shows the boomers waiting for the starting gun, then rushing into the just opened Oklahoma Territory to stake their claims.

Not only children but all the young in heart will like "The Little Princess," the new Shirley Temple film directed by Walter Lang, a delightful and handsome Technicolor version of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story about Sara Crewe who is left by her father at Miss Minchin's London boarding-school while he fights in the Boer War. If Shirley hasn't already won you, she may do so now as she cleverly acts, dances and singes in this tale of riches to rags and back again. She is surrounded by a popular and good-looking cast: Anita Louise, Richard Greene, Mary Nash, Ian Hunter. Children may find the ending somewhat abrupt because of editing that made the picture entirely palatable for them.

Those who consider Miss Temple a bit cloying can turn to "Let Us Live," a sociological film similar to "Fury" and "You Only Live Once." Its similarity to the latter is almost too great to be a happenstance. Once again, grim Henry Fonda is the young man wronged by society. Although innocent, he is identified by witnesses as the murderer, he is found guilty and is sentenced to death. Maureen O'Sullivan, whom Fonda was to marry on the day he was picked up by the police, and Ralph Bellamy, a detective who is convinced of his innocence, fight to save him. While Fonda screams, "It ain't possible for us to get a raw deal like this in a free country," "Let Us Live" bitterly points out that it is possible: mistaken witnesses, the chief of police whose business is to arrest, the D. A. whose business is to get a conviction, the court's routine and red tape, the circumstantial evidence and the jury all seem to work against him. Director John Brahm has done an effective job. In spite of the carefully planned, slow beginning that too obviously presages the tragedy, and the melodramtic tracking-down of the real gunmen, "Let Us Live" presents a thoughtful case of ironical injustice. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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Education and Democracy

By MORTIMER J. ADLER

THERE is nothing new in "Democracy and the Curriculum"[1] except its almost hysterical confessions of fear and failure. All of its notions about democracy and education were more clearly expressed twenty-five years ago by John Dewey, and have been many times repeated with diminishing clarity of principl and insight, in countless books published by his followers, of late officially organized into the John Dewey Society. But from beginning to end the book trembles with emotion about the threat of fascism, the salvation of democracy, and the urgency of educational reform to meet the crisis.

Others may complain that under the leadership of Teachers' College in the last quarter century, American schools have failed more and more as educational institutions. They may be surprised, however, to learn that these same leaders, reviewing their handiwork, find the schools delinquent as social agencies (chapter V). From their point of view, the great reform has not come off. The transformation of the schools into "democratic institutions," in which children and teachers play together at governing themselves from day to day, remains to be accomplished, or else—the hourly peril of democracy's collapse! The reformers seem not at all concerned by the fact, now attested by many *scientific* educational surveys, that under their influence the schools have been sufficiently transformed from "academic institutions," so that basic subject-matters are not mastered and basic disciplines, such as reading, writing and thinking, are not acquired. All parties seem to agree that American education is today an unsavory mess, that something must be done. But what? The practical issue, as I see it, is whether democracy is to be preserved by a true conception of education, or whether education is to be ruined by a false conception of democracy. In other words, is the reform which Dewey started to be undone, or is it to be prosecuted to its bitter end?

Professor Rugg and his colleagues would like to give the impression that only their group is interested in saving democracy and that only the measures they propose can do it. In one sense, they are right, for an individualistic democracy without authority of any sort is not what the rest of us want saved; and a curriculum without any fixed content of intelligible subject-matter or rational discipline is certainly the means proportionate to their end, but not ours. They are so blinded by their fear of fascism, not to mention the shallowness and incompetence of their political philosophy, that it would be impossible to explain to them that their picture of democracy is precisely the one Plato gives of the state which is but one remove from tyranny in its viciousness, and which inevitably falls prey to the demagogue turned tryant. Their democracy is a society "full of variety and disorder, dispensing a sort of equality to equals and unequals alike ("Republic," VIII,

[1] Democracy and the Curriculum. Publication of the John Dewey Society, edited by Harold Rugg. New York: Appleton-Century Company. $2.75.

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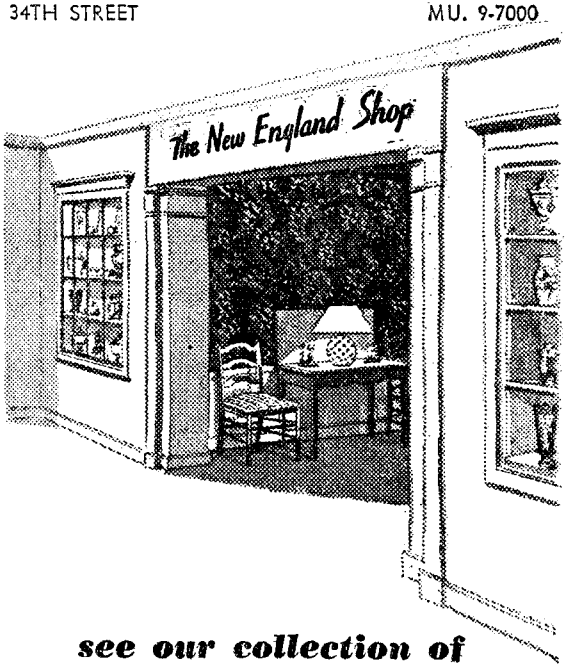

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558C and ff.). Reading this book makes one wonder whether Hitler is a more immediate menace than these self-appointed protectors of "the American way of life"; for it is not the principles of Locke, Adams and Jefferson which guide them, but the romantic libertinism of Rousseau. Like Rousseau they are unbothered by their multiple inconsistencies: their love of the fruits of bourgeois, industrial capitalism and their horror at the piracy of laissez-faire; their exaltation of unlimited individual freedom and their demand that individualism be subjected to control, and yet control without submission to authority of any sort. (One can certainly sympathize with the way a good communist would dismiss this book as pragmatic liberalism scared pink, and revealing its unprincipled opportunism!)

The inconsistencies and confusions of the book make it impossible to report or criticize in detail, short of page by page examination. Instead, let our judgment rest on whether the authors see the consequences of Professor Rugg's prefatory statement that "this book has been written in the conviction that government can be democratic only when it is based on the consent of the people—and consent is given only when the people understand. This conception makes government in a democratic society synonymous with education" (x-xi). Clearly they do not. It is true that a democratic society—in which popular sovereignty is most fully realized because through the discipline of reason men have the authority to govern themselves and gain the freedom of self-government—depends more than any other on education: not on any sort of education, but only the kind which liberates through discipline. How can democracy be served by an educational program which abhors order and discipline in every form; which, while saying that "guidance of immature learners by more mature teachers is the distinctive mark of the educational enterprise" (3), refuses to admit that a curriculum can be a prescribed course of study because that would make the teachers authoritarian? The students—those who have not yet been taught enough to be able to learn by themselves, those who have not yet achieved the authority to govern themselves—must share "democratically" in making the curriculum, that is, remaking it from day to day as their interests shift (see chapter XV).

How can an educational program which by its own admission has so far failed to teach the young to read and write and which, further, manifests no interest in such things, prepare for democratic citizenship which requires, above all else, clarity and critical judgment in the processes of communication? Democracy is a community of free men. It rests upon communication freed from propaganda and minds freed from prejudice and passion. How can it be supported by schools which do not aim at a disciplined reason, the only source of freedom in human life? Apparently, even John Dewey is not heeded when he says: "The discipline that is identical with trained power is also identical with freedom. . . . Genuine freedom, in short, is intellectual; it rests in the trained power of thought" ("How We Think," second edition, pages 87-90).

The crucial error of this book can be simply stated. The difference between a good and a bad society can be seen at once in the way in which each considers education. The bad society makes education serve the State, makes it an instrument of revolution or preserving the status quo. Using education as it uses other political pressures—propaganda, secret police, concentration camps—it misuses education because it misuses men, debasing them to the level of mere means. Democracy can be regarded as a good society only in so far as all its institutions respect the integrity, the sanctity, of human beings. The basic principle of American democracy—that men have sacred rights above the State—forbids the misuse of men and requires education to serve the State only through serving the welfare of its citizens, not merely as subjects, but as free men.

The question, What is a good education? can be answered in two ways: either in terms of what is good for men at any time and place because they are men, or in terms of what is good for men considered only as members of a particular social and political order. The best society is the one in which the two answers are the same. We honor our American institutions only if we believe that the problem of education in our democracy is solved solely by determining what is good education for all men everywhere. My summary criticism of this book is that its authors fail to see that democracy is not a good state unless it can afford to give its citizens the best education absolutely, not relatively to the needs of the moment; nor do they see that only the best education supports democracy itself. The same education which perfects man's rationality is indispensable to democratic life, and inimical to all forms of tyranny and slavery. These writers so misconceive both democracy and education as to debase both to a level at which the choice between their ideals and those of Hitler *et al.* becomes one between equally vicious extremes.

This book is a monument of all the errors and confusions which beset American education and American life today—the denial of reason and philosophy; the contempt for religion and theology; the confusion of authority with autocracy; the materialism of such bourgeois ideals as "plenty" and "abundance"; the relativism of *mores* substituted for morals; the myth of perpetual progress mediated, of course, by the progress of "social science"; and, most fundamentally, the contradiction, of affirming human rights and denying man's distinctive humanity. Though it may be useful as a document in the case against the despoilers of education, I cannot recommend this book for reading because it is so disorderly in structure and so atrociously written that no one who is not inured to the jargon can escape utter bewilderment. In point of style, the chapters by Rugg and Kilpatrick are revealing because their multiple repetitions, their chatty asides, their italicized summaries and cinematic illustrations, show that their authors have learned from long experience how to write for teachers who cannot read.

If democracy and education are to be saved in this country, it will take better thinking about both than this book contains to do it. And better thinking about education will not be done by those whose primary, if not

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exclusive, concern is with the muddle of contemporary affairs. I do not mean that educators, as citizens, should be indifferent to the political issues of the day. We are all worried about Hitler and his cohorts, and as free men we must join in a common cause against them; but if we are physicians or engineers or craftsmen, we also have the obligation to do our own work well and keep it from becoming merely an expression of our worries. Eric Gill has said to artists: "Take care of truth and goodness, and beauty will take care of herself." There is wisdom here for the teachers: let them take care of education, and democracy will take care of itself.

Other Books of the Day

A Challenging Study of History

The Vatican as a World Power, by Joseph Bernhart; translated from the German by George N. Shuster. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $4.00.

CONCISENESS in volume and style characterizes this penetrating study of the Papacy. It is not as the title might suggest a contemporary survey but a concise history and an interpretation. It is plain that the author is a mature historian constantly aware that his story must be distilled from sources and from a vast literature, critical, controversial, old or new. This substructure is not made apparent by explicit reference but is sensed by the reader to the degree of his own initiation. In the course of his narrative the author affirms or denies on the strength of this vast reserve of historical information. He does not argue. His judgments are absolute rather than qualified. They are incisive and telling in the fullest sense. No idle words retard our progress with this expert guide.

More cautious historians might prefer a method less challenging, less personal, since truth so frequently coexists only with qualification and nuance. And so in matters still historically *sub judice* the author elects one side or the other as the weight of evidence leans, and passes rapidly on. So likewise he delivers "the bad Popes" without qualm to Satan. He is not writing, he tells us in the Foreword to the first edition "either for those who believe that the Popes committed only venial sins or for those who feel more joy over one sinner than over ninety-nine who are just." But there are moments when even the sophisticated may be jolted in surprise.

Straightforwardness is not the only excellence of this concise history. It is a concise history dramatically conceived. For this generation the dramatic interplay of forces should be of gripping interest. It opens with the Palestinian background, a prologue without which the Papacy is unintelligible. The implications of Peter's profession of faith and the promise that rewarded it are shown to contain not merely the assurance of the permanence of the Church of Christ but the permanence of the conflict between the Church and the demonic forces of the world; between the enduring incorporation of the Spirit of Christ and the secular forces issuing from "the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life." Significance is also given to Peter's falls, heart-rending and pathetic, but sufficiently expiated on Vatican Hill now crowned by the fitting monument to Peter's faith.

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In permanence of faith in the Mystery to which it owes its origin, in the permanence of its conflict with the world, in temporary lapses that, like Peter's falls, by contrast only serve to enhance its greatness, the Papacy has realized its historical destiny.

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"The papal office is today the same as it always was and its antagonists have hardly changed their masks, let alone their thoughts." "The two souls of eternal Rome have been divorced and live on as opposites under the roof of a concordat." Totalitarian theories of the State are fundamentally in conflict with the Papacy and with the Catholic Church of which the Papacy is the permanent and stable foundation. Consequently the stage is once more set for the dramatic conflict of which the *dénouement* is curtained by the future. Can Peter's successor abandon his secular duty without recalling the pathos of Peter's legendary inquiry, *Quo vadis, Domine, quo vadis?* as he looks out on the magnificent trophy of victory erected over Peter's tomb?

The translator has done his part well. He has given a pleasing, natural translation and found many happy expressions to convey the German thought in English dress. And the publishers merit an acknowledgment from Catholics for their selection of this fine book for translation. But that this acknowledgment may be fully deserved the book should be read immediately by a competent proofreader and a list of errata inserted in all unsold copies of the edition and furnished as well to all known purchasers unsolicited.

PATRICK J. BARRY.

CONTEMPORARY SOCIAL PROBLEMS

The Administrative Process, by James M. Landis. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.00.

ALLOWANCE of broad freedom to the forces of economic individualism and secularism meant the destruction of the family, the loss of substantial democracy and the enslavement of the person. The rationalization and the trustification of industry in pursuit of greater profits with the blessings of the police-state of liberalism may have placed goods, formerly available to kings only, in the hands of the masses but at a price so steep that it impoverished the people and cracked the foundations of the social order. Monotonous standardization, chronic unemployment, breakdown of local government, fierce class-hatred and, in Europe, the rise of totalitarian dictatorships have been the concealed and most important part of that price. Mass production breeds mass propaganda. The inability and unwillingness of the lords of industry and masters of banking to shoulder the essential social responsibility flowing from ownership and control of property, led to the passing away of the laissez-faire era. More and more the state was compelled to step into the economic realm and assume new burdens. It had to act to prevent the utter collapse of the banking system, bankruptcy of railroads and demoralization of industry. It had to feed the unemployed, and reintegrate society on an equitable basis. The administrative process is one of the means to attain these objectives. In "the administrative process," James M. Landis, dean of the Harvard Law School, inquires into the origins, explains the nature, examines the difficulties, and evaluates sympathetically the administrative tribunal as a "technique for dealing with modern problems."

The administrative tribunal arose because of the inadequacy of the legislative and judicial processes to properly reorientate, promote the efficient functioning and effectively regulate the wide variety and swiftly moving realities of the socio-economic world. It is governance by the expert rather than by the casual and amateur political office-holder, and marks the decline of the notion that judges are masters of all trades. Many and various are the attacks against the administrative tribunal, yet the hysterical and antiquated rhetoric of its hostile critics convinces only those who are oblivious of the meaning of the post-depression world and who substitute cliches and slogans current in the nineteenth century for real hard thinking. Academic and unrealistic indeed, is the charge that it does not square with the tripartite form of government. The fact is that it does seek to "meet modern needs and, at the same time, to preserve those elements of responsibility and those conditions of balance that have distinguished Anglo-American government." Patriots who cry, "Administrative Absolutism," would seem to forget that its rulings and decisions are subject to judicial review. If experience guided by logic is the life of political institutions, it is useless to inveigh against the existence of the administrative tribunal, since it springs from the insistent needs of the nation.

It is difficult to exaggerate the significance of this highly important volume. Dean Landis will not disappoint those who seek to learn more of the administrative process. The book is authoritative, packed with concentrated thought, and the author is a man of solid erudition and varied experience in government.

JOSEPH CALDERON.

FICTION

Seasoned Timber, by Dorothy Canfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

DOROTHY CANFIELD has written a long novel that gives the effect at the time of reading of being two novels put together; but when one comes to the end of "Seasoned Timber," one realizes how really well-knit the book is. The first part deals with an October-May love affair. Professor Timothy Hulme's bony face, wiry athletic body and sensitive, alert mentality have remained young, in spite of his forty-four years, mainly because of his contact with youth as the principal of a Vermont academy and his regard for humanity. When this conscientious man falls deeply in love with Susan, a teacher twenty years his junior, he practically wears himself out in mental discussions on whether he should marry her; these mental conversations are sane until his heart speaks and he lets himself go. Later, bitterness and self-mockery at the realization that Susan regards him as a kindly, helpful older person grow to bad temper and jealousy when Canby Hunter, a young, hard modern, homely of face but physically attractive, comes to live with Hulme and destroy his dream.

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Throughout this idyllic love story, set in a small Vermont town and interspersed with excellent local color and Dorothy Canfield's wise observations on a variety of subjects including education and the exhilaration of teaching, Miss Canfield drops hints of the second half of the story through Hulme's hatred of the daily poison-news of Nazi anti-Semitic torture and Fascist reversion to Apache savagery. Hulme's visit to New York (with interesting contrasts between the impersonal anonymity of that city and the warm neighborliness of Clifford, Vermont) to call on the academy's one wealthy trustee, Mr. Wheaton, "a grotesquerie of pretentious ignorance," foretells the reaching out of the fascism octopus into the safe little corner of Vermont's mountains. Mr. Wheaton dies and wills to the moneyless academy $1,000,000 providing among other things that the school will not accept Jewish students. The town divides into two camps, and Hulme fights as he has never fought before to make the voters realize that acceptance of the legacy would be a public endorsement of a great and shameful wrong. Miss Canfield rises to the occasion and fairly presents both sides in the struggle over the legacy—a struggle that is an outlet for Hulme after the emotional excitement aroused by Susan. His despair and loneliness almost tempt him to adjust his principles to the facts of the hour, as England did, even if this relaxation leads to tragic confusion.

Dorothy Canfield's plea for cooperatives, for decency, for human dignity, leaves no doubt in the reader's mind as to her stand in this democracy-fascism argument. Perhaps the first half of this novel is overly long (the poet Robinson could have presented the pathetic love story in sixty pages); but Miss Canfield's leisurely, thoughtful prose gives a solid background for the seasoned-timber Vermonters who can weather all gales and for the complete portrayal of Timothy Hulme, one of the most lovable and real characters of modern fiction.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Green Fool, by Patrick Kavanagh. New York: Harper and Brothers. $3.00.
Call My Brother Back, by Michael McLaverty. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

ONE OF the last vogues of a decadent tradition is a manifestation of intense interest on the part of its people in that which is innocent in life or perhaps merely naive. I am not sure which book—if it was a book—started this cult of the naive in this country, but I think it was a sincere one, an Irish work called "Twenty Years A-Growing." Then came William Saroyan and an assortment of—from the publicity angle—lesser lights. We were told—*ad infinitum ad nauseam*—of the cute things these descendents of Armenian, Italian or Jewish immigrants said and did when they were babies, when they were boys and even after they were literary celebrities. . . . And didn't we think it was very special that they could get a book published when Papa was only an ice-man and Mamma spoke no English?

Anyhow, this cult seems to have hit Ireland and here are two of its products. Mr. McLaverty's book may be called a novel only by courtesy and by virtue of his use of the third person. It is a rather pedestrian picture of already well-known aspects of Irish life, spotted with purple here and there and only once or twice lifting to interest. Belfast and Northern Ireland do not appear to be particularly different from the other counties. What is surprising is that Mr. McLaverty has written dis-

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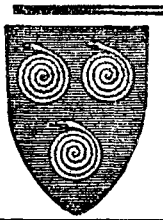

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tinguished short stories, some of which have appeared in an American magazine, *Columbia*. He is not, of course, the first good short story writer to meet defeat in the novel, although it is a problem how a man who can get fine implications and meaning into a short story can keep them out of a longer work.

Mr. Kavanagh is at once more talented and more annoying than Mr. McLaverty. His book does not pretend to be a novel and certainly it is eminently readable. But someone—if only the editor's copyreader—should have told him to not be so desperately cute and quaint in spots. Mr. Kavanagh writes good lyrical verse and has naturally not been able to keep some of the purple out of his prose. His view, like Mr. McLaverty's, is a microcosmic one and he has given us an authentic picture of Irish life. He has a fine ear for speech rhythms, as good an eye for significant detail, and on the rare occasions when he brings humor into his narrative, it is honest and real.

What one objects to, then, is not the book but Mr. Kavanagh, who has apparently been made much of in Dublin and London as a "naive," "talented," "quaint," "peasant." It is not entirely his fault that he has believed the city-folk and written, at times, accordingly. The plight of the young writer—and particularly the young Catholic writer—is a desperate one at best today and probably it may never be different. Catholic writers of verse and fiction find themselves between two stools, usually, if they have any real talent: they are too realistic and subtle for the great majority of Catholic publications; too Catholic for the "quality" secular publications, which happen, over here, to be staffed by Protestants or Pinks.

Mr. Kavanagh—by his own admission—is a bit of a chiseller, a bit of a faker and also a pretty cute young fellow. That he has perhaps been driven to these things by the exigencies of being at once a Catholic and a subtle writer is as good a theory as any.

The land and the speech of the people are beautiful and Mr. Kavanagh has caught, I think indelibly, that beauty. What is not beautiful and what he has also caught, is their form of Christianity. A more uncharitable group of Catholics than the group the author depicts in this book I have never heard of outside of some circles in the United States, nor a more pedestrian one. The indifference to good art, and to the practice of their religion outside of the church doors, the prudery and puritanism are all in this book about Ireland. That the Reformation and the long Protestant persecution were the cause of this condition among such a group in Ireland and in turn the cause of our own sad state no longer matters. We have work to do and it is our own hands on our own boot-straps.

So that Mr. Kavanagh's book is one to be read. He has tried for truth and beauty like the good writer he may yet be and he has gotten a good bit more of the former than he perhaps intended to. If he had told us a little more about his friends, Paul Vincent Carroll and Sean O'Faolain, and a little less about himself, it would have made a better book. HARRY SYLVESTER.

Amateurs in Arms, by F. J. Joseph. New York: Carrick and Evans. $2.50.

THOSE who think of the international arms traffic in terms of a few big figures like Basil Zaharoff should read this competent novel about the squads of petty adventurers who try to secure armament of all kinds to sell to either side when nations or national factions are at war. The book is largely conversation of the most authentic variety. Various happenings are presented most objectively, the portraits good and the author's understanding of what each side in Spain thought it was fighting for remarkable. The characters themselves are plausible enough but they comprise a strangely odd assortment. Among the arms-traffickers are Latin-Americans, English men, Americans, Hungarians and other European adventurers. Many of them exist precariously. A strange Dane and the rebellious son of an important Nazi official serve to express the problems of conscience involved in this deadly commerce. E. S. S.

MEMOIRS

My Day in Court, by Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.50.

THIS is an ingratiating book, at once charmingly personal and disarmingly impersonal. Mr. Train views himself with the same clarity and humor with which he regards others and is no more hesitant to tell a good story on himself than on someone else. His main concern is neither to advance his personal fame nor to propound a theory, but only to note down some colorful reminiscenses of his dual life as writer and lawyer. The reminiscences are never dull.

For the most part, the book is occupied with the experiences of the author as an Assistant District Attorney during the first decade of the twentieth century. The writer, however, is always peering over the shoulder of the lawyer. It is this fact which informs these pages with such freshness and vitality that they read like a novel rich in characterization. Everything is reported from the point of view of a man who sees a story in the most elementary of situations. With Dickens-like picturesqueness Mr. Train depicts the grim and dour Tombs, the gloomy Criminal Courts building, the fantastic law office of Howe and Hummel with its forty-foot sign illuminated at night like "a lighthouse for those accused of crime." In the same vein he portrays a strange procession of characters passing through these buildings—forgers, murderers, burglars, confidence men, politicians, lawyers and judges. There are personalities as bizarre and divergent as District Attorney William Travers Jerome, a "combination of Savonarola, Saint George, and D'Artagnan" who was a "lover of reform and a hater of reformers," and the spectacular lawyer William F. Howe who wore diamonds on his fingers, a rose in his lapel, a bright pink shirt with a diamond stud in place of a tie and who carried in his breast pocket "a huge silk handkerchief into which he shed, with enormous effect, showers of tears while defending his clients." There are numerous thumb-nail portraits like that of Pat, the court attendant, whose "ramshackly figure was dressed in dusty ocher with a crimson tie; and whose hairless, cadaverous, lantern-jawed face, with its twisted nose and discolored teeth, was yellow like cheese; while over his pale green eyes he wore a lopsided auburn wig which slanted across his forehead like an ill-fitting skull cap slipped awry."

This book should find an interested reader not only as Mr. Train hopes in the writer who "wishes to keep a stout pair of shoes upon his feet while he seeks for beauty and perhaps hopes for fame," but in the lawyer, in the student of the manners and customs of the early days of this century, and perhaps above all in whoever delights in a wide and variegated pageant of humanity.

JAMES N. VAUGHAN.

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The Inner Forum

RACISM is the theme of the latest issue to reach this country of the *Nouvelle Revue Théologique,* "published every month by several professors of theology of the Society of Jesus at Louvain." The moving Foreword opens with a quotation from Saint Paul on the universality of the Church, "where there is neither Gentile nor Jew. . . . But Christ is all and in all."

It continues by citing an appended list of the eight condemned and proscribed racist propositions set up by the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities on the instructions of Pius XI, April 13, 1938, and sent out to all Catholic institutions of higher learning. It notes the increasing severity marking the late Holy Father's comments on racism on three successive occasions last July, and cites the similar remarks of the Cardinal-Archbishops of Malines, Munich, Milan, Paris and Lisbon.

The Foreword continues, "Not to respond to these commands of the teaching Church would be to betray the cause of Catholicism. The danger is imminent, all the more because these iniquitous ideas are not proposed, as former heresies were, simply to the intelligence and consideration of isolated individuals, but are ferociously imposed by force on great masses of humanity."

A fascinating article by the celebrated Pierre Charles, S.J., traces the course of the ideal of racial and national exclusiveness from Aristotle down to the slightly bogus Count Gobineau in the middle of the nineteenth century. Father Charles subjects Gobineau to a searching analysis, since the racist ideas of today are his.

Pierre Lorson, S.J., contributes a calm study of these racist ideas in the Third Reich, not neglecting their good points. Joseph Folliet of *Temps Présent* writes feelingly on "Race, Reason and Christ." Dr. Ernest Van Campenhout, professor of embryology and anatomy at the University of Louvain, outlines the accepted theories of racial characteristics and concludes: (1) "Among the various races there exist only differences of detail which are constituted by hereditary characteristics that are found in widely separated races; (2) no race is pure; (3) no existing criterion demonstrates the absolute superiority of one race over another."

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